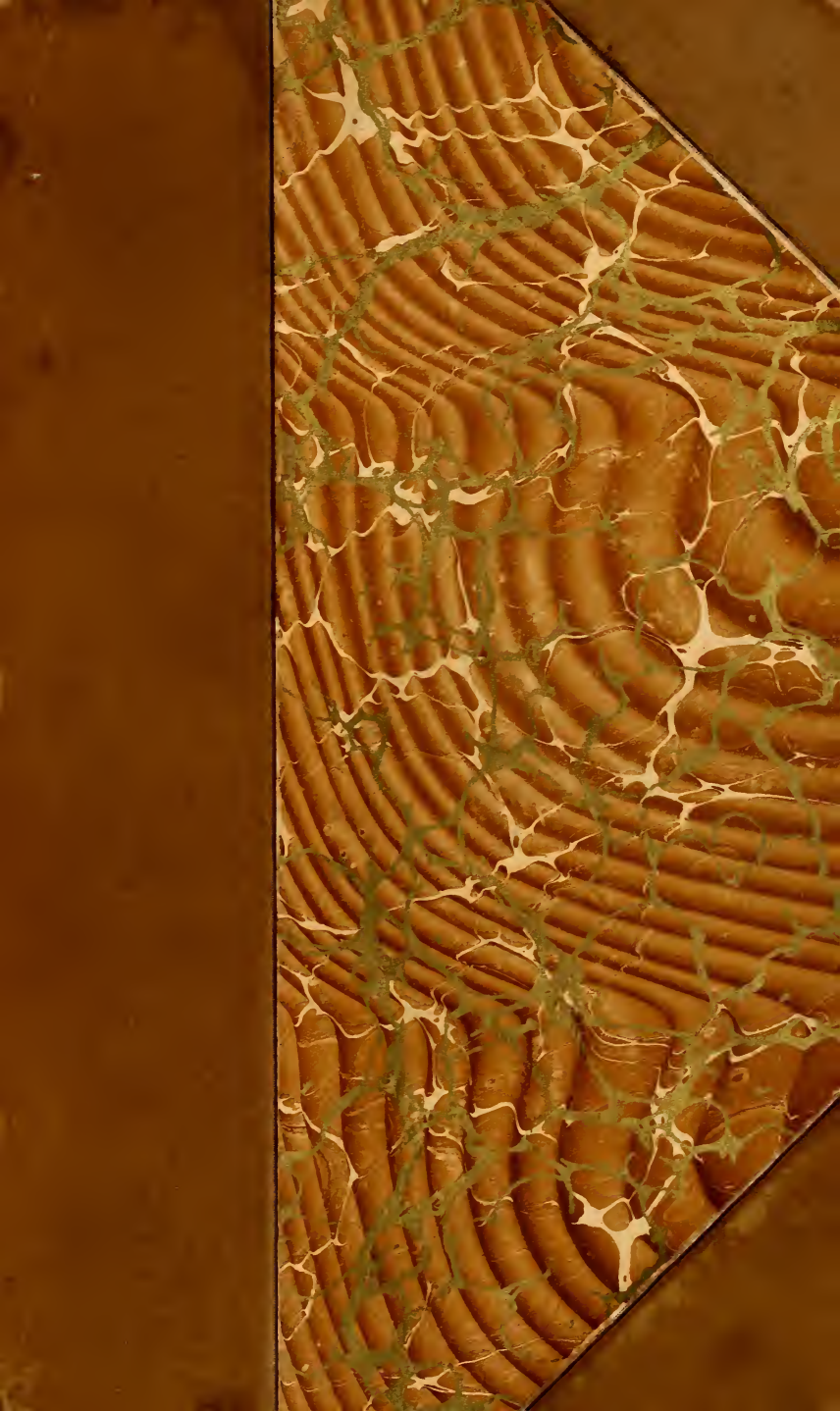
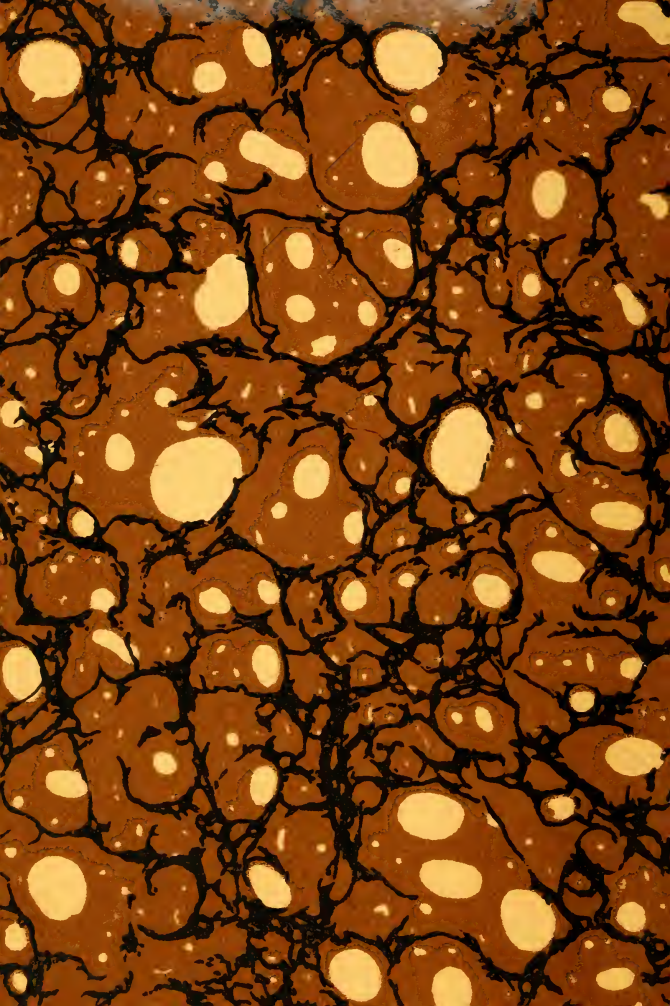
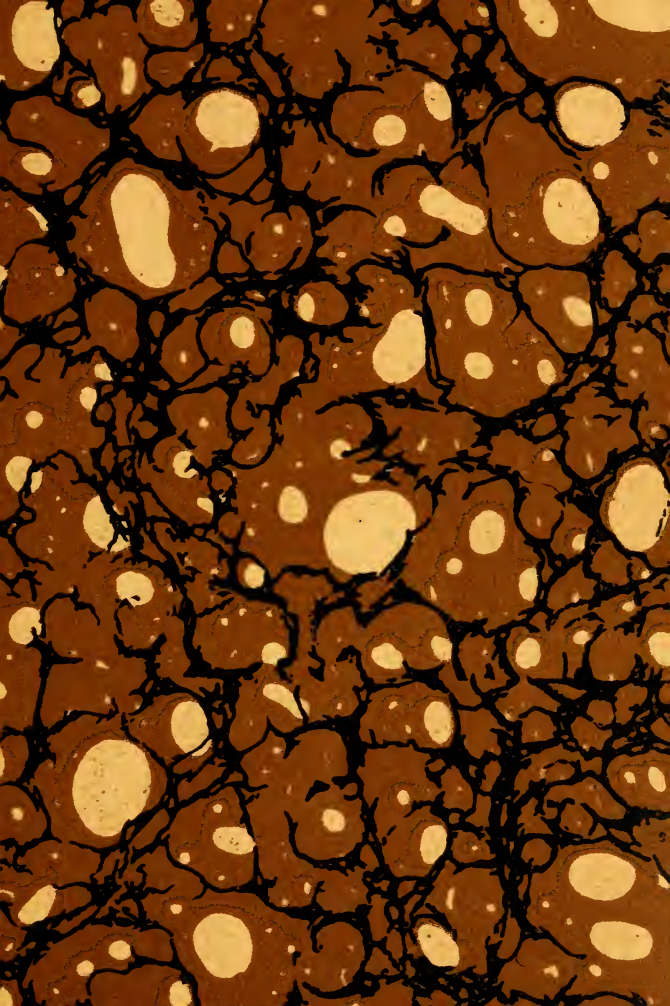








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BOOTH, THE ASSASSIN.

CHAPTER I.

THE MYSTERIOUS MEETINGS AND THEIR SPECIAL OBJECT.

At one of the most fashionable houses in Monument Square, Baltimore, a number of persons were to be seen gathering together during the month of June, 1860. There was nothing extraordinary in the outward appearance of these men, nor did their actions excite any special attention; but had a detective been on their track he would have soon discovered that beneath that gentlemanly exterior lurked something far more malevolent than usual, and which engages the attention of ordinary citizens.

The hour of the meeting was not at midnight, as that would have raised suspicions in the minds of the guardians of the peace and perhaps have caused the house and many of the members to have been watched; nor was it at noon, forasmuch as but few fashionables hold revels at that hour, and all others would have their business avocations to attend to, any such congregation of persons at a mansion occupying so prominent a location would have excited remark, if nothing else, and publicity was not at all desired by those who formed the mysterious body. The assemblage therefore took place at that time of the day when every one was mostly at leisure, and when in consequence of the streets being full of people, a greater or less number of persons entering any one building would attract little or no attention.

Among those thus gathering together was a young man who, without the slightest attempt at secrecy, boldly walked up the steps leading to the front door of the mansion, and found that it readily yielded to the pressure of his hand. Passing inside, his further progress was, however, stayed by a second, or glass "hall door" and it was at this barrier that the test whether the applicant was

entitled to admission or not was made by an unseen janitor.

Knocking with his knuckle of the forefinger upon the glass panel, which was covered on the inside by very thick lace, the visitor received a questioning reply, also made by a knock on the glass, and to which he returned a satisfactory answer in the same manner. The door then flew open and he entered the hall-way.

Without stopping either to speak to or look at the person who opened the door the visitor ascended the carpeted stairs which appeared before him, and at the head of which he was met by a man, holding a drawn sword in his hand, and who demanded his business in the most ordinary manner possible.

To this question the young man replied with but one word,

"Liberty."

"It shall be ours," was the reply of the sentinel.

A door that appeared in front of the young man then opened without any apparent cause, and the visitor passed into a large drawing room, where he sat down on the lounge to rest, as the door closed behind him.

When the door leading to the head of the stairway had fallen back into its place a somewhat curious fact was brought to light, one that would certainly have greatly puzzled any person unacquainted with the mysteries of the place.

The drawing room, which was exquisitely furnished, was about fifty feet across and thirty feet deep, receiving its light, during the day, from six windows overlooking the square, and after dark by means of several candelabra distributed about the apartment.

Along the wall opposite the windows were sixteen doors, every one exactly of the same size, shape and color, and along each of the end walls were seven more, of a similar character, thus making thirty altogether. These doors were so precisely alike in all respects that it would have been impossible for a stranger to have told by which of them he had entered the room; nor could he detect the one that led to any other particular part of the building. To the initiated only was the information given, and they

were so well instructed in the mysteries that mistakes could not easily be made.

Although, as we have before stated, a number of persons had passed into the house before the young man ascended the steps, still the drawing room was empty; at least so far as human beings were concerned; for by the rules of the association no second person was admitted into the apartment on these special occasions until the first had passed through one of the thirty doors. This plan was adopted to prevent spies from prying into the secrets of those who so mysterious met together and also to defeat any attempt that might be made by outsiders to ascertain who were the members of the association which had its headquarters in that building. Therefore, although successful through treachery in gaining the inside of the hall, and even, with the passes-on of the password to satisfy the sentinel at the head of the stairs, thus being enabled to enter the drawing-room, the intruder would find himself no wiser than before, unless he could enter the inner apartment, and this was to some extent impossible; for if his hand should chance to touch the wrong door an alarm would at once be communicated to the members in council and the interloper, if his purpose were illegitimate, would soon become a prisoner.

Only one exception was ever made to this strict regulation, and that was in the case of a person about to be introduced, by a member, for the purpose of initiation into the mysteries of the place. On these occasions only, the stranger would, unquestioned, be allowed to enter the drawing-room with the brother who had undertaken the duty of offering him for membership; but there the matter would rest until the assembled brethren had pronounced whether or not the candidate was fitted to become a member of the association, the brother introducing him being answerable with his life for the good behaviour of the party thus recommended.

The members of the association had been gathering together in a somewhat steady manner on the evening in question, and was nearly all assembled in the room specially devoted to their service, when two young men advanced to the front door of the mansion on Monument Square. One, by his actions, evidently was a stranger, as he seemed to follow

the directions of the other, who appeared perfectly conversant with all the mysteries of the place.

After the usual signal conversation had been gone through, the glass door was opened, the two passing inside and ascending the stairs at the head of which they were met by the guard or sentinel before alluded to.

The stranger now hung back while his companion exchanged the pass-word with the sentinel; after which he was introduced as a new member about to be introduced to the brethren for approval and then allowed to enter the drawing-room.

"You are now as far as I can take you," said the initiated one to the stranger, "and you have gone too far to recede, although knowing nothing. Are you still as determined as before?"

"Yes," replied the other, "fully."

"What is your understanding of the intentions and designs of our order?" asked the former.

"The sacred observance of our institutions in spite of all opponents," answered the latter; "the upholding of slavery against the outcries and efforts of the abolitionists, and—"

"Speak on," said his companion.

"The final independance of the South," added he with bated breath, as if fearing that behind one of the thirty doors lurked some one in whose ears the words would sound like treason.

"You must now submit to the blindfolding," said the former. "Be firm for the greatest part of the trial is coming."

"Why, George, cannot I be allowed to look upon what I have to go through?" was the young man's inquiry.

"Let me warn you of one thing before we go any further," remarked the one called George. "You will not be allowed to recognize any one by the name he is known in the outer world, therefore you must refrain from calling me by any such familiar designation. Are you ready?"

"E'en so, if it must be," replied the other with a theatrical air.

The next moment the eyes of the stranger were bandaged and his arms pinioned by his companion, who then declared that all was ready for the initiation. By the sound upon the carpet the candidate soon learned that others were present and with great solemnity felt himself led along he knew not

where, but the distance seemed interminable. At last on being brought to a halt the question was asked him in a strange voice, whether he was still desirous of becoming a member of the order which had such a noble cause for its object, and upon his replying in the affirmative, a solemn oath was administered to him in the following words which were to be repeated after the speaker :—

“Blindly as I enter this fraternity so shall I see nothing to its injury nor to that of the brethren; and as I now cannot discern aught of the mysteries of the noble order I am about to join so shall my mouth be kept firmly sealed after my eyes shall be opened. And I swear, by all hopes of eternity, that nothing that may be made known to me by the order in council or by any member of it shall be divulged to any not entitled to receive the intelligence; nor will I deviate, hesitate or even meditate upon the decrees of the fraternity when prompt action is called for by them. And should I betray any of the secrets of this fraternity may the sword that now hangs suspended over my head be brought down upon it with the vengeance of every member of the order; until my doom shall have been sealed in perdition. And thus will I keep my oath. So help me God.”

As the last words were uttered a ringing sound like muffled thunder rang through the apartment and a solemn, deep voice said

“Your oath is registered; beware how you break it.”

The question was then put to the candidate whether he would always remain true to the order under all circumstances, to which he answered in the affirmative. He was next asked whether, if the necessities of the cause demanded the sacrifice of the lives of those high in power, he would refuse to assist in taking those lives even at the risk of his own, or at once gladly enter upon the task even if it took him until the day of his death to accomplish the object of his mission. To this he also answered according to the wishes of the order and it was announced that the candidate was now ready to be introduced to his brethren.

The bandage was then suddenly torn from before the eyes of the new member and the flood of light which illuminated the apartment fell upon them for the first time with such force as to cause him the greatest pain after his long and compulsory blindness. In order to shield the strained

orbs from the powerful rays he had to cover his eyes with his hands so as to allow them to regain their strength by degrees, and after a while he was enabled to look around him.

"Brother Booth," said the president of the meeting, "we welcome you to our circle. From this time forth you will be known to us as Sir Hector of the Golden Sock and Buskin, and as an emblem of the continuuity of our bond of brotherhood let the 'Golden Circle' at once be formed, typical of the co-existence and inseverable unity of our great and glorious institution."

A ring was then formed, the new member taken within it, thus forming one of the Circle, and the whole of the members in concert, hand in hand, solemnly swore to support each other, the institutions of the South, and the cause for which they had banded together.

At this moment a gong bell rang a quickly repeated alarm peal, and all the members looked at each other as if to inquire the meaning.

"Brother of the Baton," said the president, "inquire the cause of the alarm."

The party thus addressed, who was none other than George P. Kane, the marshall of the Baltimore police, now left the apartment by a door in the side of the room, and shortly after returned with the information that the place had been attacked by the police who occupied the drawing room in force, having made prisoners of the sentinel and janitor.

The president suggested that as the "Knights of the Golden Baton" had command over the force he could control them, and cause them to leave the place; but the former soon received a reply that being out of uniform it was more than likely that during the fray the chief might not be recognized, and it was recommended by him that the members should make a rush on the police then assembled in the drawing room and, during the surprise caused by the suddenness of the attack, make their escape down the stairs.

"But why are we disturbed?" asked Booth. "How is it that the secret of the place is known?"

"Because we have been betrayed," replied Kane, "and there are many in my force who would only be too glad to find me implicated in this matter. Thousands of dollars, I

have no doubts, would be given to the man who would swear to my connection with the Knights of the Golden Circle."

The alarm peal was again rung out and in a few moments the whole of those there assembled had rushed forth by a different door from that through which the "Brother of the Baton" had disappeared on the former occasion.

Shortly after Booth found himself in a dark passage where he was kept perhaps not more than a couple of minutes, but which seemed an age; after which a door was opened and all rushed forth into and through the drawing room.

All escaped except Booth who was taken prisoner by the police, but not until he had knocked down with his fists at least half a dozen good sized strapping fellows.

Booth was first bound and gagged, then placed on the lounge, where he lay during a severe examination from the chief of the party.

CHAPTER II.

THE SISTERS.—BOOTH TRIED AND APPROVED.

In a quiet house in the heart of the city of Baltimore lived two sisters at the time we are writing. One was an impetuous and wilful creature of the name of Ella, while the other who was rather milder in her disposition possessed the euphonious name of Mollie.

Ella had long had her eye upon a promising young actor who had recently been performing in that city and has said to her sister that by fair means or foul she was determined to win him. So far, however, her wiles had been unsuccessful and the mild but artful Mollie, who was much less aspiring in her choice, taunted the unfortunate, but not disheartened, Ella with her want of success.

"You may jeer," said Ella, "but the whole time he was in Richmond I followed him, and when he is about to return I will again do so; for my determination is fixed to have that man, no matter what stands in my way."

"Well," laughed Mollie, "you are infatuated indeed. What sort of a man is this *bon ami* of yours? Let me hear your description of him."

"You shall," replied Ella, "if you promise not to laugh at my account,"

"I promise," said Mollie.

"He is, first, a fine fellow in every respect," began Ella, in an enthusiastic tone of voice.

"So I should expect," replied Mollie, with a smile.

"Now don't interrupt, or I will not tell you anything about him or anything else."

"Well go on then," said Mollie.

"He stands at least five feet, eight inches high," continued Ella, "and although slight looking is really a muscular man. Oh! you should see him, Mollie; then you would not think quite so much of that 'type sticker,' of whom you say there is no one like him in the world.

"That's my opinion," asserted Mollie.

"It may be yours," replied the sister, "but it is not mine. But to continue my description. He has most brilliant black eyes and fine curly locks as dark as the raven's wing, and were it not for his overhanging brows would certainly be considered by every one as the handsome man which he really is. His face is noble, but he will frown. Did he not do so I should have had less difficulty in making my way with him."

"Where did you first see him?" asked the other.

"In Richmond," replied Ella, "during the fall of 1858. I was there on a visit to one of my friends while he was performing at the Marshall theatre, and being still engaged there he will return as soon as the weather cools a little. He is only here for a short period of recreation, this being his native place. He is one of Kunkell's stock company, and that manager can't do without him."

"Don't you believe it," recommended Mollie.

"But I do believe every word of it," asserted the enthusiastic Ella. "He is the life and soul of the company."

"That may all be," remarked the sister; but if report speaks truly, he drinks like a fish."

"What of that?" asked Ella. "Did not his father do so before him, and did that make him less the great actor that fame asserted he was?"

Seeing how intent Ella was in defending her *beau idéal*, Mollie gave up the task of denouncing him; but instead informed her that she was going to get married and to the despised "type sticker," too, after which it was their intention to remove to Petersburg.

Ella informed her that if that was her plan of action she should accompany them, and while there she could often run into Richmond.

In vain were all Mollie's efforts to dissuade her from such a wild course of action, the impetuous girl was determined, and when her mind was once made up it was entirely useless to attempt anything like opposing her will.

"It will only end in misery for you," asserted the insinuating Mollie. "Better set yourself down for a more quiet life, and let this stage-struck youth go on his own course, without your having any such designs upon him as now seem to have possession of your mind."

The arguments were altogether in vain, so resolved was the infatuated girl upon making a conquest of the young actor ; whereupon Mollie resolved to let her have her own way, in the hope that a want of opposition would cause a lack of enthusiasm and finally a relinquishment of the wild scheme of love and ambition.

At last the day arrived when Mollie was to be united to the disciple of Guttenberg and Caxton, and, the ceremony over, the printer and his wife removed to Petersburg, accompanied by the sister.

Meanwhile the scene in the drawing room had been enacted as described in the former chapter.

As soon as Booth found himself in the hands of the Police he made desperate efforts to relieve himself from their grasp ; but, although young and very agile in his movements, their grip upon him was too firm and secure for escape to be even probable. Neither could he use the weapons which was concealed about his person ; being impossible for him to reach it with his hand in consequence of the scientific manner with which his arms had been pinioned.

The person who appeared to be the leader of the Police informed their captive that if he would divulge the secrets of that building, and of those who thus mysteriously met there, not only should he be allowed to go free, but a large sum of money should be his. Should he refuse the cells of the prison must be his home for the next six months at least.

Booth reflected on the two alternatives, and on the oath he had but recently taken ; then boldly asserted that he would

choose the prison in preference to divulging anything that had been made known to him during his short acquaintance with the building and its occupants.

"Then you acknowledge there is a secret connected with this fine house," remarked the Police officer.

"I acknowledge no such thing," responded Booth.

"Who are your companions?" asked the former.

"I know not," replied Booth.

"What was the object of the meeting here to night?" was the next question.

"How can I tell," answered Booth, in a non-committal, yet saucy tone of voice.

"There was a meeting here for some purpose," was the next interrogative assertion.

"Was there?" asked Booth.

"You know there was," said the Police officer; "and unless you immediately chose to let us know all about it, I shall order your immediate incarceration in the prison under the charge of engaging in some plot against the peace of the State."

"As you please," said Booth; "but as 'honest Iago,' once asserted to the black Othello. 'He that robs me of my good name.'—"

"Stop that nonsense," interrupted the officer. "We know who you are well enough without that."

"Then," added he "if that be so, with the same 'honest,' lieutenant will I assert 'that from this time forth will I never speak more.' "

Every effort of the officers to induce him to reveal the secrets of the place, either under fear of punishment or hope of reward proved unavailing; for in accordance with his words he kept his tongue perfectly silent and his lips closely sealed. At last, as if tired of their vain labor, one of the men placed a pair of handcuffs upon him; then, with a manifestation of the power of the law, led him forth from the drawing-room through one of the thirty doors which had so puzzled the new candidate upon his first introduction into the apartment.

Meanwhile the other members of the association had succeeded in reaching the stairway without molestation, and by means of a side entrance, known only to them, had been

enabled to return to the rooms in which the ceremonial of initiation had taken place.

Booth, securely manacled, had been forced into a darkened passage-way, when he was again asked whether or not, while the opportunity was still afforded him, he would reveal what he knew of the workings of those who frequented that building, or the secrets of that place?

Still maintaining a taciturn demeanor and strict, unbroken silence, the new member, without replying, intimated that the efforts of those who held him in custody were entirely in vain, and that he would not betray anything that he had learned since he had been in the place, no matter what course of procedure might be adopted with regard to him.

Finding he was thus resolute, a door was at once thrown open before him and he again found himself in the room in which he had sworn to preserve inviolate the secrets of the order with which he had voluntarily connected himself.

The officer of the Police Force now threw off his austere demeanor, and, addressing those assembled in the room, announced the fact that the new member was fully entitled to the confidence of the brethren, as he had most satisfactorily manifested his entire devotion to the cause which he had espoused, and had shown his fidelity to his oath under circumstances which, had he desired to prove false, appeared to give him the best opportunity to make a betrayal not only desirable but profitable.

Booth saw the whole affair in a moment after the supposed officer had addressed the meeting. The alarm and arrest was merely a piece of fine acting, got up for the sole object of applying a test to the qualities of a new member for the purpose of seeing whether he was duly worthy of being admitted to participate in the councils of the order.

The President and members now advanced to greet their associate as a "Knight entitled to his spurs, which they asserted he had bravely won". This was merely a piece of verbiage, but it indicated that so far, he was esteemed fit to enter into the further mysteries of the association when the proper time came for that purpose.

The signs and pass words of the first degree of the order were now given to him, and he was cautioned to be very careful not to give them to any but those whom he was fully assured were entitled to receive them. He was then formally

introduced to every member of the association then present, and received from each the warm grasp of the brotherhood together with the recognition as announced by the President of the order, or as he was styled, the "Worthy Grand Commander of the Encampment."

A few days after his initiation Booth left Baltimore and returned to Richmond, where he found a number of members of the association, even among those he least suspected. Having made himself known to some, he was soon introduced to others, and, long before the end of 1860, found that the ramifications of the order extended East, West, North and South throughout the whole country.

By means of this fraternal bond he was enabled to work his way into Southern society of all kinds, and when it was announced that the election of November, 1860, had resulted in the choice of Abraham Lincoln for President he became, from that connection, fully aware of what he had from the very first suspected, that the Southern States had determined to secede from the Union immediately that it was ascertained that one opposed to their institutions had been selected to fill the place of chief magistrate.

Before the end of the year it was known that South Carolina, in convention, had declared itself out of the Union, and when the young actor inquired into the status of those who had formed the members of that convention he soon found that the mysterious workings of the order to which he had united himself had secured the desired result.

Within one month from that time five more States—Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia and Louisiana—had each been dragged into the vortex of secession by the same invisible means—in many cases against the wishes of the majority of the citizens—and so powerful had become the order, that, like lightning, Vigilance Committees arose in the very midst of every State had thus declared itself out of the union; so that when any one ventured to dispute the right of secession they were at once forced to sacrifice their houses and property, and quit the South in a beggared condition, or submit to the arbitrary dictation of those who now ruled them with a rod of iron.

As yet Virginia and Maryland had not seceded; but efforts were being made to induce them to join the others. To the question of whether the desired result was certain

Booth received the answer that as the majority of those who held office in both those States were members of the order, if Abraham Lincoln only reached Washington, both States would be certain to join the cause of the Southern Sisters, and secure the National Capital, President, Cabinet, and all, within the limits of the New Confederacy.

Booth's informant, however, stated that the order was not as strong among the people of the border States as in those farther south and, although a large proportion of the authorities were members, the majorities of the Legislatures were inclined to the other side.

"Could we but succeed," added he, "in only inducing the Abolitionist President to declare war upon the South, then the State Right feeling would soon induce the wavering to come over on our side, and that would turn the scale."

"But what about the army?" asked Booth.

"That has already been crippled by those who have left it to join our cause," was the reply, "and it will be impossible for the Yankees to reorganize it in time to hurt us. We have almost all the arms in the South, thanks to Secretary Floyd, and before they could make others we could dictate terms for separation. There will be no fighting, as before the 'rail splitter' can reach the seat of Government the troops that now hold the forts and arsenals will be driven therefrom and their contents will be in our hands. He will not dare to force us to stay in the Union while we hold the greater force of power in men, money and means of making war."

Such were the opinions of those in Richmond in the latter part of January, 1861.

CHAPTER III.

BOOTH'S FIRST MYSTERIOUS MISSION AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

The news having been received in Richmond that the President Elect, Abraham Lincoln, was being enthusiastically received in every city through which he had to pass between his house in Springfield and his Native Capitol, and evidences being apparent that the North intended to support the choice of the people, the members of the order to which Booth belonged met in secret conclave in the

heart of that city in order to devise means to draw the State of Virginia out of the Union. At that meeting the young actor was present.

During the conference it was urged that "the choice of the Abolitionists" had not yet passed through New York, and as a large body of the order were then in existence in that city perhaps something might be brought to light that would change the aspect of affairs, and it would be better to wait until after that event.

Meanwhile Booth, who was very gay in his disposition, became enleagued with several women then residing in Richmond, and who were strongly tainted with secession proclivities. One evening while under the influence of wine, Booth heard something whispered by a female voice in his ear that made his eyes flash with ambitious delight.

"See what popularity such a hero would gain among us," added the tempter. "It would conduce to his immortal fame and make him equal to Brutus of old."

Booth was silent, but by the working of his face it was evident that the poison thus poured into his ear was taking effect.

"If skilfully carried out," asserted the fiend in the guise of a woman, "it could be done without detection and the South would furnish all the necessary funds."

"But where could it be carried out," asked Booth.

"Where?" ejaculated the woman. "You are a Baltimorean and ask where. I am ashamed of you."

"You're right!" exclaimed Booth, leaping from his seat. "I know where. It shall be done, if I have to do it myself."

"Now I am proud of the gallant son of the South," said the tempter. "Accomplish the work and your reward will equal your wishes. That I will guarantee."

"Will you promise as a reward, what I have desired for some time past?" asked Booth eagerly.

"Do not fear for your reward," replied the woman. "Together we will enjoy the fame that will redound to those who will secure to the South her independence without spilling the blood of her sons. And that can easily be done, if you but have the courage to carry out the work."

Booth waited for no more, but made for his lodgings; then penning a line to the manager of the theatre announcing the fact that for a few days it would be necessary that his place should be vacant in the company, prepared to take the first train for Norfolk in order to catch the steamer for Baltimore.

While awaiting the hour for the departure of the cars, the now half-crazed man threw himself on the bed and tried to snatch a short repose, giving the negro servant strict orders to arouse him in time to take the early morning train for the South.

"You're gwine to Charleston, massa?" asked the negress.

"No," said he, curtly, "merely to Petersburg. I wish to see a flame of mine in that city."

"All right, massa," said the woman, who added to herself, "Dat mass' Booth de debil wid de gals; deed is he."

The information which the young actor had given the slave was more with the intention of misleading the gossiping black than otherwise; for he felt sure that after he had left the city it would become current conversation that he had gone away. Therefore to allay suspicion and to prevent anything like a premature disclosure of the real cause of his journey he purposely gave the statement that his mission was one relating to the tender passion.

Without any event transpiring of consequence Booth reached Baltimore, where he learned that the President elect had been received with great enthusiasm in the city of New York, and was then on his way to Philadelphia.

Muttering that no time was to be lost he made his way to the house of one whom he knew well to be a member of "the circle," when to his surprise found that his arrival had been expected. Upon inquiry he learned that a telegram had been sent from Richmond in cipher announcing that one, whom they knew well, had started "for the purpose of permanently delaying the arrival of Abraham Lincoln at the national capitol and it would be necessary that every member should be ready to co-operate."

Booth did not like the idea that such a message had passed over the wires; but it having been stated that it came in cipher, such as only the initiated could transcribe,

he felt somewhat reassured and set about the work with spirit.

Having ascertained what assistance he could have the plotter began to make his preparations, and on learning that the presidential party would start the next day at noon from Harrisburg, he called his assistants together, telling them to be ready in the morning so as to intercept the train on the way before it could reach the city. and throw it from the track.

Unfortunately for the success of the scheme a negro, whose duty it was to be the bearer of the telegraphic despatches from the office to the places directed, had overheard two of the telegraph operators talking over the wording of the message—they both being members of the organization of K. G. C.—and supposing that the unlettered black was as dull in intellect as he was in education, they had spoken somewhat unreservedly before him; although not exactly giving the clear meaning of the telegram. The negro, however, had learned enough to convince him that something was wrong, and making his way to the house of an anti-secessionist, he before delivering the despatch let him examine it; then explained what the operators had stated about it.

At this time the President elect was on the way to Philadelphia; therefore there was plenty of time for the loyal man to reach Harrisburg before it was possible that the presidential party could do so.

On arriving at the Pensylvanian capital the bearer of the intelligence of warning found that the advance guard of civil officers were already there, and without a moment hesitancy he stated his suspicions to the principal officer in charge, repeating to him what the negro had said.

"This is not merely to delay him," thought the officer. "Unless my calculations mislead me there is some vile scheme at work."

Mr. Lincoln arrived at Harrisburg at the schedule time, and received the congratulations of the citizens. It was then announced that he would take his departure the next day at noon for Baltimore, and the fact was duly telegraphed to the Mayor and Corporation of that city, with instructions for Marshal Kane to have a strong guard of police at the depot to prevent anything like crowding.

The Presidential party then took up their quarters at the principal hotel of the city of Harrisburg, and during the evening Mr. Lincoln, at the request of the chief detective officer who had accompanied him, expressed a wish to see the city in a private manner.

In order to prevent the numerous corps of newspaper correspondents that had accompanied him along the route from following close upon his heels during this little stroll, the hotel clerks were requested not to say that he had gone out; and if any inquiries should be made to let those gentlemen understand that he was still in his room. And in order to complete this deception the various members of the military and civil service who had formed the President's party were also to be kept in ignorance of the fact that he had left the hotel.

As soon as the President elect was clear of the hotel, the chief detective officer notified him that a design was in operation against his life, and in order to escape the snare it was deemed advisable that he should take the train then starting for Baltimore so as to pass through that city during the night.

When Booth and his co-operators were about to start, in order to intercept the train in accordance with their original plan, they were stratled with the intelligence that Mr. Lincoln was safe in Washington.

"Confusion," exclaimed the plotter. "Foiled. What could have been the cause of the change of plan? And when did he pass through this city?"

While he was cursing his fortune that had deprived him of so good a chance of earning a name as the "liberator of his country from the rule of an oppressive tyrant, and the minion of a would be despotic party," the news arrived in the city that the President Elect, having learned of a plot having been organized in Baltimore for the purpose of assassinating him while en route for the National Capitol, had taken the precaution to pass through the former city in private, and was now safe in Washington.

A cry of indignation arose from the breasts of the loyal people of Baltimore at the disgrace which had fallen upon the citizens; but the members of the order of K. K. C. by their insidious remarks soon caused that feeling to be changed to one of rage at the insult which had been offered

to the ancient city by a sectional President, who, it was rumored, had merely acted in that manner for the purpose of punishing the citizens of Maryland for "daring to vote against him."

The excitement which was created throughout the country in consequence of this piece of strategy on the part of Mr. Lincoln was specially turned into ridicule by the papers devoted to the interests of the South, and as the members of the traitorous organization were not known outside of their own body, they were enabled to fan the flame of satire without it becoming apparent to the general public that they had any particular object in so doing.

The premature disclosure of this scheme of assassination had not only foiled all Booth's plans of gaining notorety; but had also put the officers of the government on the alert to prevent anything like an attempt being made upon Mr. Lincoln's life while awaiting the approaching of the day of Inauguration.

Meanwhile the seceded States had organized a Provisional Government with Jefferson Davis at its head, and a Provisional Congress was called together at Montgomery, Ala., the temporary capitol of the Southern Confederacy. Texas was also joined to the others that had seceded, thus making what was esteemed among the Southerners the mystical number "seven" which would in their opinion "guarantee unity to their cause and success to their efforts."

On finding that all his well-formed plans had proved abortive Booth returned to Richmond where he continued to play at Marshal's theatre until the building was destroyed by fire. During that interval he became acquainted with Ella and her sister Mollie, both of whom had removed to Richmond and, the latter having deserted her favorite "type sticker," from some dissatisfaction that had arisen about their conjugal relations. So well did Ella play her cards that she secured to a great extent the affections of the young actor and he was considered as devoted a lover as any that usually existed under such a precarious bond of union.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ATTACK UPON THE TROOPS IN BALTIMORE.

Booth while in Richmond led such a dissolute life that at last he was not admitted into any reputable society. Therefore when the Marshal Theatre was destroyed, finding that the Rebel Government had established themselves at Montgomery, Ala., he started off toward that city. Ella now accompanied him and participated in the wild, reckless career which he there led for a few weeks.

The Montgomery Theatre having been opened with some amount of spirit, Booth, by virtue of the reputation of a good family name, obtained an engagement as "leading man" and became somewhat of "a star." But still his wild career was such that although occupying a high position among the few actors there resident, he could obtain but little standing among the respectable portion of the community.

One night during the year 1861 when somewhat elated by extra potations of spirit he joined the Montgomery Vigilance Committee then bound on an expedition against those residents of the city and vicinity that were suspected of Northern feelings.

So strong were his manifestations of hostility against the North and their sympathizers that he became a kind of pet among the fire-eaters as one of the true sons of "My Maryland," and they never went out on a scout but they took the malignant traveller along with them.

During one of these expeditions the pistol which Booth always carried with him, no matter whether his mission was pacific or disputatious, exploded in his hand, and being held downward the ball entered his leg, wounding him so severely that he had to retire for a time from the stage. As he could no longer be useful in the South, as a member of the warlike bodies of domestic persecutors, and as the rebellious citizens of Charleston were determined to reduce Fort Sumter, the rebel authorities thought it best to send him to Baltimore, as a secret agent, to inflame the minds of the people of that city against the "Abolitionist Government" and thus prevent the citizens from taking any active measure in aid of the dominant party.

Booth arrived in that city about the time of the attack upon the fort in Charleston harbor and found that a great excitement existed among the people, a few only being in favor of the North, at least so far as outward expressions were concerned. So insidiously had the order of K. G. C. obtained its footing among all classes that its poisonous breath was felt everywhere, and it became dangerous for any one possessing the slightest spark of loyalty to express his opinions lest he should find in the next neighbor one ready to strike him down or otherwise maltreat him on the ground that he was an enemy to the institutions of the State and its citizens.

Even the State Government was to some extent intimidated by the power of the secret order, many of the officials being members thereof, although not actively engaged in open violence; still by their machinations they would retard justice and prevent the perpetrators of felonious and riotous demonstrations from being brought to punishment.

The fall of Sumter was announced to the people of the country on April 13th, 1861, and caused a great amount of excitement, many of the citizens calling on the government to avenge the insult to the flag and to sustain the honor of the country. In answer to this President Lincoln issued proclamations for the raising of seventy-five thousand volunteers to defend the National Capital, and the assembling of Congress for a special session in order to take action upon the State of the nation.

Booth was in Baltimore and participated in the demonstration meeting of Secessionists which took place in that city on the 17th of April, 1861. One of the most violent of the speeches made on that occasion came from the throat of the excited actor, and in the most forcible language he denounced the Administration and the North for making war on their sister States in the South.

As yet no organized or overt act had been committed in the city, and as a number of the police force under Kane were either direct or indirect members of the secret order of K. G. C. they made no effort to disperse the treasonable assemblies or even to prevent their gathering together. Consequently the supporters of the South had the matter

in their own hands as it had often been proved dangerous for any others either to move or speak.

At length it was announced that the Massachusetts troops were en route for Washington and were expected to pass through Baltimore on the 19th of April. The opportunity now appeared to Booth to be the most fitting for a demonstration that would strike terror into the government, compel them to sue for peace, and acknowledge the independence of the South.

Moving about, in spite of his lameness, among the more disreputable of the citizens of Baltimore Booth, who was very well known by that particular class, whispered into their ears that if they allowed the troops to pass through the city a want of sympathy with their more Southern sisters would be at once evident. He also intimated that if Maryland would secure independence her sons must now strike the blow, and also told them to remember that the men who would oppress the South were Yankee abolitionists.

In this treasonable arrangement the actor was greatly aided by those members of the police force who belonged to that secret order with which he was connected; these officials instead of discountenancing and preventing any such outbreak actually promising their assistance in so far as not attempting to resist the onset or attempting to make any arrests of those engaged in the attack.

The 19th of April, 1861, will long be remembered by the residents of the city of Baltimore as one of the most disheartening and alarming that had ever taken place in that vicinity. The citizen troops that had left their homes and comfortable firesides, to aid in the protection of the national capital from the grasp of treason, were attacked in the streets of that city and some of them slain by the hands of a lawless mob.

Booth did not take any active part in this riot, as others were engaged to do the disreputable work; but at his instigation and by the machinations of his co-operators belonging to the treasonable fraternity, he so contrived matters that the railroad tracks North and South of Baltimore should be torn up, the telegraph wires cut and all communications by land severed between the North and the National Capital.

As there was no other means of reaching Washington by

land except by passing through the city of Baltimore, or of some adjacent part of the State of Maryland, it appeared for a time that the Capital was in danger of capture by the insurgents ; especially as the State of Virginia had declared her disloyalty in convention and had announced herself as one of the States of Southern Confederacy.

This announcement was to have been submitted to the citizens for confirmation ; but Governor Letcher being also one of those who formed a part of the famous "Golden Circle," knowing full well that if the people were allowed to think it would be impossible to carry the State out of the Union, determined to declare it seceded in spite of the people ; giving, as his reason for thus acting, that the Yankee Government had made war upon the South and it became the duty of Virginia to take part, offensive and defensive, with the other slave States.

For some few days anarchy reigned supreme in the city of Baltimore ; but at last the Government gained strenght and the munnicipal authorities, with the assistance of the military were enabled to suppress the insurrection and to put down the rioters. The military forces then garrisoned the city.

Seeing that all hopes of drawing the citizens into any overt act that would give some protest for an attack upon the military, had passed away, Booth resolved to quit Baltimore and return to Richmond where he had left Ella.

While Booth was residing in the Virginian Capital it was decided by the insurgents to make that city the seat of Government of the Southern Confederacy, and the Rebel Congress were advertised to meet there. The national authorities at Washington decided to sever all means of communication between the North and South, until those in rebellion chose to lay down their arms, the actor finding that he could not again go on the stage entered into an agreement with several officials of the Rebel Government, to return North, and by means of secret interference and plottings to so interfere with the movements of military bodies that much of their usefulness would be void or at the most of but little effect.

Having completed this arrangement Booth, accompanied by Ella, returned once more to Baltimore, where he lived for a time in private ; but in consequence of the arrest of the principal members of the K. G. C. the scattering of others

throughout the State, and the departure of a number to join the Rebel army, he found that his power of doing mischief was to some extent crippled, like his body, and he therefore remained to some extent passive, merely amusing himself in the company of his mistress, gamblers and other evil characters.

At last having recovered from the wound in his leg he began playing "star engagements," in the various cities of the North ; always manifesting, especially when under the influence of liquor, strong opposing sentiments toward the Lincoln Government and their measures no matter what might be their character.

CHAPTER V.

BOOTH ON FAME—THE CONTEMPLATED PLOT AGAINST THE PRESIDENT.

The elections of 1862 in the Northern States having nearly all been in opposition to the Lincoln Government demonstrated the fact that a "change of sentiment" had taken place among the people ; but little did those persons, whose feelings had thus been operated upon, think or believe that the actual aiders and abettors of the rebellion were the very men who had, by their insidious reasoning, caused them to alter their opinions upon national affairs. Thus matters stood at the end of 1862, and Booth, without it appearing that he had done so, helped to take a prominent part in thus affecting the minds of the voters.

One day Ella whispered in his ear that it would be a good thing if Lincoln could only be put out of the way while the feelings of the people were thus inclined towards the cause of the South ; to which Booth replied that if he felt certain that the thing could be done he would make the attempt.

"At what?" asked Ella.

"Putting him out of the way," replied Booth.

"By what means?" was Ella's next inquiry.

"The knife or the bullet," replied the actor quickly.

"I don't mean that!" ejaculated she in alarm. "That would be murder. My suggestion was merely to take him prisoner, and hold him as such until he chose to give to the South its independence."

"But Death is a far better jailor," asserted Booth. He once dead, the troubles of the South would soon cease."

"That may all be," responded Ella; "but any such attempts have heretofore shown their own futility. During the term of President Jackson, an attempt was made upon that official's life, upon the occasion of Warren R. Davis' funeral at the Capitol. When Jackson was under the eastern portico, and surrounded by all the officers of the Government, a man named Lawrence approached within a few feet of the President and snapped a pistol at him. It did not explode; therefore, dropping that and taking up another, he again aimed with a similar result. Of course he was arrested, and under the idea that he was insane the would-be assassin was confined in a lunatic asylum."

"But the cause of the failure," asserted Booth, "even according to your own account was not the fault of the want of opportunity to reach the destined victim; but the bad condition of the powder. I should be careful to provide against such a result."

"Do not attempt it," urged Ella, "it would certainly cost you your life."

"And gain for me immortal fame," responded the actor; for the man who kills Abraham Lincoln would occupy in history a higher niche than even George Washington."

As Booth thus spoke, Ella saw that his piercing black eyes were lit up with an almost supernatural light. He seemed to be peering through the dim vista of the future and reading from its pages his name as one that had redeemed his country from peril by a bold and daring act such as few would venture upon.

For a few minutes Ella thought he had become insane, through contemplation of the subject, and almost regretted having alluded to it; but upon changing the conversation the fact that it was merely the effect of an inordinate desire for fame that had produced that peculiar brilliancy of the eyes was soon made evident, and with a woman's ready tact she drew his mind away into another channel.

But the seed had been sown, and had fallen on a prolific soil, as was afterward made known by the actor's frequent allusions to the fame a man would gain by removing from the face of the earth the "tyrant who then swayed the destinies of the American Empire."

During an engagement at McVicker's Theatre in the city of Chicago in the early part of 1863 Booth made the following remark to one of his theatrical companions:

"What a glorious opportunity there is for a man to immortalize himself by killing Lincoln."

"Indeed!" inquired the one addressed, "and pray, what good would that do?"

Booth with a tragic air then quoted the following lines:

"The ambitious youth who fired the Ephesian dome
Outlives in fame the pious fool who reared it,"*

"Well," said the matter-of-fact person who had thus been treated to a choice morsel of stage effect, "who was that ambitious youth you thus laud to the skies? What was his name?"

"That I don't know" was Booth's reply.

"Then where's the fame you speak of?" asked the other with a curious smile.

For a few moments Booth was evidently non-plussed, but with the quickness of a ready wit he replied,

"The fancy of a man's deeds live after his bones have decayed to dust, and even his name forgotten."

His friend merely remarked in reply,

"If that be the fame you covet, I prefer to live a quiet life, and die without it; for in my opinion such notoriety would be infamy."

"Pshaw!" ejaculated Booth.

The conversation was then turned upon another and far different subject; but still whenever it became a portion of Booth's duty to recite upon the stage the foregoing lines he would give such emphasis to them as would "bring down the house," although the audience little thought what was working in the actor's mind during the few moments employed in giving utterance to them.

Such remarks were often made by Booth during his conversation with his theatrical and other companions; but no one ever thought that the words meant more than the viru-

*These lines are an interpolation of Shakspeare by Colley Cibber and although now acknowledged by the frequenters of theatres as the production of that world famed dramatic poet, are not to be found in the original editions of his works—AUTHOR.

lent expressions of one whose sympathies were strongly identified with the South.

On one occasion a member of the theatrical profession having made use of the remark that he thought it "very injudicious that a man who gave currency to such treasonable utterances should be allowed to go at large throughout the Northern cities as Booth was then doing;" another replied that a barking dog rarely bit, and when a person heard the steam blowing off with a great noise from the boiler of a steam engine, they might feel very certain that an explosion was not likely to follow.

"If," added he, "Booth contemplated really the assassination of the President would it be likely that he would tell every body, so as to give the government officials an opportunity to place obstacles in his way and thus prevent the accomplishment of his designs. Not he! He is too keen witted for that. I should be far more fearful of him did I know such to be his feelings and saw him brooding silently over the thought. Never fear! Booth will not be that 'ambitious youth' he prates so much about."

The violence of Booth's language at last brought him into disrepute among the respectable portion of his profession; some of them, however, looking charitably upon him under the idea that dissipation and a feeling of disappointment at not having achieved the histrionic fame he had coveted had to some extent turned his brain.

Notwithstanding this fact Booth continued to perform "star engagements" all over the country; but generally winding up at each place with a regular burst of dissipation.

During the greater part of his travels he would be accompanied by Ella, who seemed at times to be his presiding genius for good or evil, as he paid far more attention to what she said than to any other person living, either friend, relative or *companion d'amour*.

After having been on a Western tour Booth and Ella arrived at Meadville, Pa., where they stopped at the McHenry House while en route East. This was during June, 1864.

During the evening, while talking with his mistress, the subject again came up in the course of conversation about the "capture of Abe Lincoln as a prisoner of war."

"What a glorious thing it would be," said Ella, "if he could be seized and carried off out of Washington by

some of Moseby's men. He would then be compelled to agree to some kind of general exchange of prisoners."

"Your desire may be good enough," replied Booth, "but how is he to be reached in order to secure his capture. There would be less difficulty in killing him out of the way."

"Still that mad, murderous idea," remarked Ella. His death cannot do one-half the good to our cause as his capture."

"But he is a tyrant," asserted Booth, "and deserves to die. Tell me by what plan he could be taken prisoner."

Ella called to his mind the number of friends he had in Washington and who were devoted to the cause of the South. She then detailed a plan by which President Lincoln could be rendered insensible through chloroform, and when once powerless it would require but a few persons to remove him from the White House. He could, she argued, be kept a close prisoner in the cellar of her sister's house in the city of Washington until terms were proposed and agreed to satisfactory to the South.

Booth replied somewhat contemptuously to the whole scheme and said it would be far easier to place poison in the President's soup than to carry out her proposed arrangement. He then turned away from her and began looking out of the window, meanwhile twisting around on his finger his diamond ring.

Carelessly taking his ring from his hand he cut in an abstracted manner on one of the panes of glass the following words in a tablet-like form :

ABE LINCOLN DEPARTED THIS LIFE August 13, 1864, <i>By the effects of poison.</i>

After he had finished he turned round to his mistress and said,

"Look there. Those few words represent a far greater amount of probability than all your schemes for his capture. Still, however, if he could be taken prisoner, perhaps it might be better after all for himself, but not for the country."

The before mentioned date, however, flew past and the

President remained alive. Whatever scheme he had concocted in his own mind for the purpose of destroying the President's life by poison evidently miscarried if it was ever put into operation.

Under the guise of his threatened arrangements Booth was enabled to hold communication with several members of the mysterious order of K. G. C., and through this means was enabled to learn of the schemes that were afloat to bring swift destruction on the cities of the North in retaliation for the ravages committed in the Shenandoah valley by the armies of General Sheridan.

During October, 1864, while en route to Buffalo, as he said, to play an engagement, the actor stayed over Tuesday at Newburg where he made himself known by the distribution abroad of several cards on which his name and profession were elaborately displayed. Here he spent his money in a free, off-hand manner, treating all hands and talking rather loudly about his numerous star engagements, and so forth.

A townsman who happened to come in at the time, asked one of the *habitués* of the tavern who the "illustrious stranger" was, and, on learning that it was "Booth the actor," said,

"Well, I have heard a great deal about him; but I had no idea he was such a blower."

"That's so," replied the other. "and he swallows down the whiskey like a whale does water."

The reported engagement at Buffalo was, however, only a blind to conceal his intentions, for instead of remaining in that city he secretly crossed over into Canada.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PROPOSITION TO MURDER THE PRESIDENT AND CABINET.

During the visit to Canada, mentioned at the conclusion of the last chapter, Booth tried to gain the confidence of the Southern men, then residing in the Province, by a statement that he was a stray Southern sympathizer, and ready to devote himself to the cause of the South, but a rumor having become afloat that he was a Federal spy, the men all fought shy of him and would not enter into any kind of negotiation

either with regard to his proposition to play in aid of the Confederate hospitals, or even to allow him to take active part in any of the numerous schemes then being concocted in the Canadas to aid the armies in the front by an attack upon the rear.

Booth was almost disheartened by the reception he had met with at the hands of those in whose behalf he was ready to sacrifice even his life if it would only give him the fame he so coveted, and was about to give up all the projects his fertile brain had conceived, when one morning in October almost by mere accident, he met one of the members of the order of K. G. C. in the person of the famous Larry McDonald. The mystic sign soon opened confidence between them, and during one of the interviews held at Toronto the following conversation arose:—

“This manner of raiding and seizing steamers,” said Booth, “is too paltry to suit my ideas of what ought to be accomplished, and even the proposition of setting fire to large cities does not coincide with my ideas of the noble and famous. I wish to do something that will strike terror into the North and make the perpetrator forever noted in history.”

“The proposed scheme to capture Lincoln,” responded Larry, “will, if successful, accomplish that.”

“Not at all.” asserted Booth, “for after a while he would be released and there would end all the fame and the glory.”

At this moment McDonald took up the morning journals and read one of Secretary Seward’s proclamations relating to the St. Alban’s raid and the recent piracies on the Lakes.

“I wish Seward was in hell!” ejaculated the virulent Larry.

“Why not send him thither?” asked Booth. “Were he in my power I would act with him as Richard did with Harry Vith.” Then with his usual theatrical style he quoted the lines from Shakspeare, referring to the murder of that king.

“Down, down to hell
and say I sent thee there.”

“There’s meaning in your words,” remarked McDonald, eagerly. “If you have any practical scheme in your mind let us know of it. Fear not for the funds that may be necessary; they shall be secured.”

“My scheme is to make way with the whole of the Lincoln

horde, in one fell swoop," said Booth eagerly. "With but fifty thousand dollars in hand, and a large reward in prospective I can secure assistance enough to strike the blow effectually.

"What do you mean?" eagerly inquired McDonald. "Speak clearer."

"I mean this," asserted Booth, "that if you furnish the money Abe Lincoln, Bill Seward and Andy Johnson shall all be cold meat by the first of March next. Neither Lincoln or Johnson shall ever be inaugurated, if you furnish the means to carry out any plans that will secure peace and independence to the South, and everlasting fame to me."

"Who is to slay Lincoln?" asked McDonald. "He will be the most difficult man to reach."

"Leave the details to me," said Booth, with a degree of self-confidence only equalled by his love of notoriety. "No hand but mine shall remove that elongated Yankee abolitionist from obstructing the road to Southern independence. Furnish me with the funds and I promise with my life to have the three parties I have named stiff and lifeless before inauguration day. Shall I have them?"

"Yes," replied McDonald, "within three months."

So saying he sat down and drafted the following advertisement:

"ONE MILLION DOLLARS WANTED, TO HAVE PEACE BY THE 1ST OF MARCH.—*If the citizens of the Southern Confederacy will furnish me with the cash, or good securities for the sum of \$1,000,000, I will cause the lives of Abraham Lincoln, William H. Seward and Andrew Johnson to be taken by the 1st of March next. This will give us peace, and satisfy the world that cruel tyrants cannot live in a "land of liberty" If this is not accomplished, nothing will be claimed beyond the sum of \$50,000, in advance, which is supposed to be necessary to reach and slaughter the three villains.*

"I will give, myself, \$1,000 towards this patriotic purpose.

"Every one wishing to contribute will address box X, Cahawba, Ala.

"Dec. 1, 1864."

Having completed the document McDonald read the paper over to Booth and then promised to forward it to the South

by means of the secret mail line which was then running through the Northern States.

"I have dated it December 1st," said McDonald, "as I expect by that time it will have reached the party that is to take charge of the money, and he will find a good opportunity to have it published in the Southern papers. Meanwhile the scheme for the capture of Lincoln must not be abandoned, nor the plan to fire the Northern cities."

"When do you propose to commence with that work?" asked Booth.

"On the day of General Election," replied McDonald. "Under the excitement of that event the principal buildings can be easily fired.*"

"Then will I put my plan into execution" said Booth "for the capture of the whole abolition party in Washington on the same night; then if we can succeed in setting the North in a blaze and carry off the members of the Yankee Government at the same time, we shall indeed perform a deed worthy to be recorded on the rolls of fame. Meanwhile do you see to the procuring of funds that may be necessary to carry out the scheme I have proposed."

Shortly after Booth returned to the States, and began his plan of operations in order to carry out the proposed design to secure the person of the President of the United States as a prisoner of war. After he had left Canada, McDonald reflected upon the scheme to kill off the head officials at Washington and although disliking the thoughts of an ordinary murder he viewed this matter as an act of war and willingly aided in procuring the means to carry it out.

Thus were these active enemies of the National Government protected from capture, under the supposition that they were only taking refuge in that Province as citizens of the insurgent States unwilling to surrender to the recognized authorities, but yet not desirous of taking any active part in the sanguinary struggle then going on in the country; consequently it was supposed their object while in Canada was entirely of a pacific nature in act if not in word and thought. But under the protection of the flag of a friendly and neighboring State these vile miscreants were engaging themselves in the most fiendish plots for the purpose of at-

* See KENEDY, THE INCENDIARY SPY Price 10 cents. Advertisement on the cover.

tacking the Northern States along the unprotected frontier farthest removed from the actual strife and adjoining the territory of the British in America. The acts of irregular warfare in which these men were engaged consisted of piratical raids,* works of incendiarism† and so forth.

Booth on returning to the States began to consider that his proposed scheme to capture the President might endanger his life, and as he had no idea of perishing without leaving behind him some record of the work in which he was engaged—so as to secure the immortal fame he had so long coveted—he sat down and penned a lengthy letter which was not to be opened until after some great event should take place likely to cause all his papers to be perused.

To prevent a premature disclosure of the contents of the document he addressed the packet to himself and then, with a casual remark of no importance placed it in the hands of his brother-in-law. The letter was secured in a sealed envelope with some United States bonds and oil stocks. He felt perfectly certain that the contents would be safe from intrusion if all went well and then he could reclaim it; but should any accident happen to him it was more than likely the letter would be opened, and the publication of it would accomplish all he desired. Having written the letter carefully, he read it over, then placed an introduction to it, for the benefit of whoever might open the package, as an explanation why the letter was without a superscription, and closed up the packet never more to view its contents.

The letter in question was thus worded :

———, ———, 1864.

MY DEAR SIR—You may use this as you think best. But as *some* may wish to know *when, who and why*, and as I know not *how* to direct, I give it in the (words of your master)

"To whom it may concern":

Right or wrong, God judge me, not man. For be my motive good or bad, of one thing I am sure, the lasting condemnation of the North.

* See BEALL, THE PIRATE SPY. Price 10 cents. T. R. Dawley, publisher.

† See ROB. COBB KENNEDY, THE INCENDIARY. Price 10 cents. T. R. Dawley, publisher.

Ask any bookseller for the above named works and if he should not have them in stock he will procure them for you. Or they will be sent by mail, postage paid on receipt of price. Read advertisement on cover.

I love peace more than life. Have loved the Union beyond expression. For four years have I waited, hoped and prayed for het dark clouds to break, and for a restoration of our former sunshine. To wait longer would be a crime. All hope for peace is dead. My prayers have proved as idle as my hopes. God's will be done. I go to see and share the bitter end.

I have ever held the South were right. The very nomination of Abraham Lincoln, four years ago, spoke plainly war—war upon Southern rights and institutions. His election proved it. "Await an overt act." Yes, till you are bound and plundered. What folly! The South were wise. Who thinks of argument or patience when the finger of his enemy presses on the trigger? In a *foreign war*, I too, could say, "Country, right or wrong." But in a struggle *such as ours* (where the brother tries to pierce the brother's heart) for God's sake choose the right. When a country like this spurns *justice* from her side she forfeits the allegiance of every honest freeman, and should leave him, untrammelled by any fealty soever, to act as his conscience may approve.

People of the North, to hate tyranny, to love liberty and justice, to strike at wrong and oppresssion, was the teachings of our fathers. The study of our early history will not let me forget it, and may it never.

This country was formed for the *white*, not for the black man. And, looking upon *African Slavery* from the same standpoint held by the noble framers of our constitution, I, for one, have ever considered it one of the greatest blessings (both for themselves and us) that God ever bestowed upon a favored nation. Witness heretofore our wealth and power; witness their elevation and enlightenment above their race elsewhere. I have lived among it most of my life, and have seen less harsh treatment from master to man than I have beheld in the North from father to son. Yet, Heaven knows, *no one* would be willing to do *more* for the negro race than I, could I see a way to *still better* their condition.

But Lincoln's policy is only preparing the way for their total annihilation. The South *are not nor have they been fighting* for the continuance of slavery. The first battle of Bull Run did away with that idea. Their causes *since for war* have been as *noble and greater far than those that urged our fathers on*. *Even* should we allow they were wrong at the beginning of the contest, *cruelly and injustice* have the wrong become the right, and they stand now (before the wonder and admiration of the world) as a noble band of patriotic heroes. Hereafter, reading of their deeds, Thermopylæ will be forgotten.

When I aided in the capture and execution of John Brown (who was a murderer on our western border, and who was fairly tried and convicted, before an impartial judge and jury, of treason, and who, by the way, has since been a god,) I was proud of my little share in the transaction, for I deemed it my duty, and that I was

helping our common country to perform an act of justice. But what was a crime in poor John Brown is now considered (by themselves) as the greatest and only virtue of the whole republican party. Strange transmigration! *Vice* to become a *virtue* simply because *more* indulge in it!

I thought then as now, that the abolitionists were the only traitors in the land, and that the entire party deserved the same fate as poor old Brown; not because they wish to abolish slavery, but on account of the means they have ever endeavored to use to effect that abolition. If Brown were living I doubt whether he *himself* would set slavery against the Union. Most, or many of the North do, and openly, curse the Union if the South are to return and retain a *single right* guaranteed to them by every tie which we once *revered* as *sacred*. The South can make no choice. It is either extermination or slavery for themselves (worse than death) to draw from. I know my choice.

I have also studied hard to discover upon what grounds the right of a State has been denied, when our very name, United States, and the Declaration of Independence, *both* provide for secession. But there is no time for words. I write in haste. I know how foolish I shall be deemed for undertaking such a step as this, where, on the one side, I have many friends and everything to make me happy, where my profession alone has gained me an income of more than twenty thousand dollars a year, and where my great personal ambition in my profession has such a great field for labor. On the other hand, the South have not bestowed upon me one kind word; a place where now I have no friends, except beneath the sod; a place where I must either become a private soldier or a beggar. To give up all the *former* for the *latter*, besides my mother and sisters whom I love so dearly (although they so vividly differ with me in opinion.) seems insane; but God is my judge. I love *justice* more than I do a country that disowns it; more than fame and wealth; more (Heaven pardon me if wrong) than a happy home. I have never been upon a battle-field; but oh! my countrymen, could you all but see the *reality* or effects of this horrid war as I have seen them (in *every State* save Virginia,) I know you would think like me, and would pray the Almighty to create in Northern mind a sense of *right* and *justice*—even should it possess no seasoning of mercy—and that He would dry up this sea of blood between us which is daily growing wider. Alas! poor country, is she to meet her threatened doom? Four years ago I would have given a thousand lives to see her remain—as I had always known her—powerful and unbroken. And even now I would hold my life as naught to see her what she was. Oh! my friends, if the fearful scenes of the past four years had never been enacted, or if what has been had been but a frightful dream, from which we could not awake, with what overflowing hearts would we bless our God and pray for His continued favor. How I have loved the *old flag* can never now be known. A few

years since and the entire world could boast of *none* so pure and spotless. But I have of late been seeing and hearing of the *bloody deeds* of which she has *been made the emblem*, and would shudder to think how changed she had grown. Oh! how I have longed to see her break from the mist of blood and death that circles round her folds, spoiling her beauty and tarnishing her honor. But no, day by day has she been dragged deeper and deeper into cruelty and oppression, till now—in my eyes—her once bright red stripes look like *bloody gashes* on the face of heaven. I look now upon my early admiration of her glories as a dream. My love, as things stand to-day, is for the South alone. Nor do I deem it a dishonor in attempting to make for her a prisoner of this man, to whom she owes so much of her misery. If success attend me I go penniless to her side. They say that she has found *that* “last ditch” which the North have so long derided and been endeavoring to force her in, forgetting that they are our brothers, and that it is impolitic to goad an enemy to madness. Should I reach her in safety, and find it true, I will proudly beg permission to triumph or die in that same “ditch” by her side.

A confederate doing duty upon his own responsibility.

J. WILKES BOOTH.

“There,” said he, after he had finished the perusal, “my friend will now know the object I have in attempting to capture this ‘abolition tyrant.’ If it were not for Ella I would not undertake the risk of merely capturing him, but would without waiting for the co-operation of those fellows in Canada make far surer work of the matter by placing him out of the way of ever doing harm again. Oh! what thousands of lives would have been saved had I only been successful at Baltimore, during the early part of 1861, in turning over the Presidential train and thus have destroyed the lives of the whole of the detestable abolition party. But why the chiefs of this incendiary arrangement could not let me as well shoot as capture this Abe Lincoln I do not know. It would be far more easily accomplished, and he would then be entirely out of the way of doing any further harm. But I must perform my mission such as it is, and trust to luck for the rest.”

So saying he sealed up the package and handing it over to the care of his brother-in-law, as before stated, bade him adieu, never more to meet him again on earth, although occasionally hearing of him in different parts of the country.

CHAPTER VII.

BOOTH IN MONTREAL—THE SCHEME WORKING.

The plot to burn the city of New York and other Northern towns failed through a multiplicity of causes and the scheme to capture the President also miscarried,—therefore Booth determined to again visit Canada, for the purpose of making preparations for the more gigantic plot which he had designed.

It was during the early part of the winter of 1864 that Booth paid a visit to the city of Montreal under the pretense of seeking an engagement in the theatre then under the management of Mr. Buckland; but really to enter into a treaty with Colonel Thompson, Larry McDonald and others of that infamous class of treasonable plotters who were conducting their operations unmolested from the very asylum in which they had taken refuge.*

While in Montreal he was most profuse and reckless in his expenditure and Ella was even worse than he, thus giving to every one the idea that they were wealthy.

The women of Montreal of course felt jealous at the style and extravagance of dress which Booth's mistress adopted and many were the remarks which were slyly made by them to the disadvantage of the actor's pretty Ella.

Finding such to be the case, the wily woman started and gave currency to the numerous statements relative to Booth's extensive speculations in oil stocks &c., and further added that "with one well which he possessed his fortune was inexhaustible, for it flowed from the earth in abundance."

With such rumors afloat it is not to be wondered at that but little further notice was taken of his wasteful expenditure than to excite a remark about the difficulty that is required to keep united the circulating medium and persons somewhat bereft of their natural senses.

Booth at last succeeded in obtaining an engagement, but only for a few nights as a "star". As it was well known among the theatrical profession that he had, while performing Richard to Tilton's Richmond, driven the latter gentleman into the orchestra during the combat scene of the last

See "Beall," "Kennedy," and other works advertised on cover.

act, thereby causing a fracture of his arm ; and also that at times he still would become very violent in his demonstration on the stage ; the leading stock actor, on hearing that it was intended that he should play Richmond to Booth's Richard thought that he would like to have his life insured before the night came. He therefore after the rehearsal went up to the violent representative of the deformed king and said,

" Mr. Booth, it is well that we come to some understanding before the curtain rises, and as we may be too much engaged by-and-by, suppose we do so now."

" I do not understand you sir," remarked Booth.

" You soon will," replied the other. " There is not the slightest reason or necessity for an actor being hurt in a stage combat. Now, mark my words, for I am in earnest, if you cut my fingers or even scratch my person with your sword, defend yourself to the utmost of your power, for from that moment the combat will be a real one."

He turned away abruptly, joined another actor of the stock company and left the theatre to prepare for the night's entertainment ; leaving Booth in a very thoughtful train of mind.

" You were pretty plain with him," remarked the other. " I was surprised to hear you talk so to a man of his egotistical turn of mind and high sounding name."

" What care I," replied the, to be, representative of Richmond, " for his egotism or name? I always respect a gentleman under any circumstances and treat him accordingly ; but I have no idea of having my hands or face disfigured or even scratched to illustrate that man's crazy eccentricity."

Ella occupied a private box at the theatre that night in company with two noted aiders and abettors of the rebellion, with whom she was at times during the evening's performance engaged in serious conversation concerning the wild scheme upon which her protector seemed to be so intent, and seemed to pay but little attention to the acting until the curtain rose upon the last act.

" Now," said she, to her companion, " in this scene you will witness some of John's mad enthusiasm. You notice that quiet fellow who plays Richmond do you not? Well! Before five minutes have passed he will have to become pretty lively, or John will drive him off the stage. I have

seen him make even strong men tremble, before entering into a combat with him. Now look at him closely."

To the disappointment of the enthusiastic female Booth did not exhibit his remarkable excitement--doubtless thinking it wisest under the circumstances to refrain from any manifestation of the kind.

"Who is this Booth?" asked one of the rebel conspirators of his companion. "Do you know anything of his family beyond his connection with the crazy English actor of the same name?"

"No, not much," replied the other; "except that he is said to be a descendant of the famous Cavalier agitator, John Wilkes, who created such an excitement in England during the time of James II."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the first. "Then if he possesses one drop of the blood of that famous Jacobin, he will be just the man to carry out the scheme which he proposes without fear of the consequences."

"But has the money arrived?" asked his companion.

"No," replied the other; "not yet. But I have received positive information from New York, that it will be and is being raised, and the republication in that city, of the advertisement, which Larry sent to be inserted in the Southern papers, has raised for us already full fifty thousand dollars among sympathizers and friends North of the Potomac. The enterprise of those New York journalists have done more to assist the cause during the war than all their vituperations have injured it. Only fancy a 'loyal newspaper' advertising gratuitously for funds to help us in killing off their vagabond leaders. Sharp as they appear to be they are as blind as a three day old kitten. Within three days after the republication of that advertisement, our friends in Wall Street sent us all the profits they had made in their gold operations for a week, and it was no small sum either."

At this moment Ella turned round and broke in upon their conversation, saying,

"Come, gentlemen, the play is over. May we have the honor and pleasure of your company this evening at the hotel where we are stopping?"

"Certainly," replied they without hesitation. "We have something to talk about to Booth that may require his prompt and immediate attention. We'll both be there."

"We shall then expect you," responded Ella.

Then rising from her seat, she added,

"You will excuse me now, I know, as I wish to go behind the scenes."

"Shall we escort you home," asked one in a gallant manner. "We are both at your service."

"Thank you," replied Ella; but as I have promised to return with Mr. Booth, you will pray excuse me."

Then with a very friendly, yet at the same time formal salute, she left the box and proceeded to the stage, where she was met by her gay and reckless companion, who handed her to a carriage that was waiting by the stage door.

During the remainder of that evening, or rather until after midnight, the two persons who had, with Ella, occupied the box, and a few others of the same tendency of feeling, assisted Booth to dispose of sundry glasses of punch, and made themselves very comfortable in a general way.

"How goes on our scheme," asked Booth, at the commencement of the entertainment. "Remember my heart is in this matter, and I intend to stake every thing on its success."

"Where do you intend to carry it out?" inquired the principal one of the party.

"That must depend on circumstances," said Booth. "I shall watch my opportunity, and when I know you are ready shall set about regulating my part of the work."

"We are ready now," asserted the principal conspirator. "The money is in our hands; at least that portion which you required at the starting point. You can draw upon us for any sum you want for present expenses, and do not spare it as long as you accomplish the work. Perhaps you had better take a little, and pay a visit to your intended scene of operations for it will require a little time for preparation. Besides you have to seek out those who are to assist in the great tragedy. Have you chosen any yet?"

"Not actually chosen them," said Booth: "but I have selected two who are to assist me in various ways. Perhaps for the present it may be as well that their names are not mentioned; for walls have ears."

"Fear not," said the arch tempter. "I know all who are present, and have taken good care to place one of our trusty men in the corridor to prevent eaves-dropping. Although apparently lounging about with no apparent purpose, he

keeps his eye on the door of this room, and the slightest attempt of any one to stop at it, would cause our sentinel to advance and give us a summons as if he were desirous of joining us. Therefore you need not fear."

As the room was on the principal corridor, overlooking the main entrance, the fact of any one particular person lounging about would of course attract no attention among so many, especially just after the close of the theatre ; therefore the sentinel of the conspirators could do his duty without exciting the slightest suspicion.

Of course numerous persons were passing through the corridor at that particular time ; but as the walls and partitions of the parlor in which the party sat, kept in all the sound, and as the windows looked only upon the street no one could hear what had passed within unless by listening at the door. The passers-by along the corridor being generally intent upon their own business, and therefore moving quickly either to or from their rooms, did not stop for one moment ; and loungers were looked after by the sentinel. Then all was secure.

"All right," said Booth. "I have no fear, if you feel satisfied ; but discretion is a good quality to exercise in a matter like this."

"I agree with you," responded the other—He then inquired—"What part do you intend taking ?"

"The leading one," asserted Booth ; "none other would satisfy me. I do not perform in second rate characters, even on the mimic stage ; and as I intend to make my fame in this new tragedy the leading part must be mine. If King Hal falls, I will only play Richard."

He then recited Shakspeare's lines referring to that particular scene in the tragedy of the bloodthirsty English king.

"Fame is my ambition, my idol," exclaimed Booth, "and win it I will, no matter at what cost, even if it must be blood. Yes, blood, Iago, blood.' You know my mind now fully, and nothing shall turn me from my purpose."

There are many other such natures, and the fermentation of war and revolution gives them birth and nourishment. They do not see that the blood they shed springs again from the ground in fearful retribution. They do not appear to understand that by such acts they only strengthen the cause they strike at, and injure as well as stain that with

which they are identified. If successful they only invoke fearful reprisals upon their compatriots ; but, then, when was it ever known that murder reasoned rightly ? The response of Cain to the Creator showed how guilt had weakened the intellect that the thirst for blood had first clouded. And even when the long-sought-for fame, or rather infamy, is acquired, can they ever hope to gain peace of mind, or find rest except in death ? No. Should they escape justice, which must always be on their track, in some form or other, they still dread its power and finally find a refuge from their pursuers by suicide.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PLOT POSTPONED——BOOTH'S OPERATIONS.

Booth shortly after left Canada for Baltimore where he found several of his former companions belonging to the infamous K. G. Circle ; and although by this time the power of the organization was to a great extent crippled still it yet existed and the members often met, in small numbers, at places remote from observation. The military occupation of the city and parts of the State, prevented that free intercourse between the members that had formerly existed ; but notwithstanding this fact the circle although bent and greatly put out of shape was not entirely severed. It still preserved its entirety. Even though many of the so called loyal men of Maryland could be traced to the ramifications of the treasonable brotherhood, and by that means the rebel secret mail line which had defied the National Government entirely to suppress was successfully kept up.

While seeking to find assistance to aid him in his contemplated work it became necessary to place some confidence in the members of the order, and in many cases it was to some extent misplaced, as those who knew of the facts could occasionally hint to rebel sympathizers that some gigantic scheme was afloat to aid the cause, and they would repeat it to others.

The agents of the rebellion were very busy about New Year, of 1865 in raising money for the purpose with which Booth was identified, and one of them stated to a well known

secessionist that the funds thus raised was to be applied for the purpose of securing the person dead or alive of President Lincoln. Of course the well-wisher of treason willingly contributed towards that object.

Overjoyed at the prospect then held out the *soi-disant* loyal man, but secret rebel, must needs talk about it to others of the same feelings as himself.

The funds for the first expense were raised ; the accomplices secured, and everything in readiness for the work to commence at the proposed time, viz March 1 ; when it was discovered that in consequence of extra precautions it would be necessary to postpone the intended scheme, as it was impossible, by reason of the seclusion of the President, to reach him, and unless he became a victim everything else would be valueless.

Even the daily journals were crying out about the difficulty that existed in obtaining an interview with the President during the sitting of Congress, and stated that he was investing himself with the honors of a king.

While some blamed him for this exclusiveness, others asserted that it arose from his desire to escape from the incessant persecuting petitions of aspirants to office. This reason seemed to be a plausible one and was accepted by the country as the truth ; although the plotters knew full well that it arose from no such cause, but from a precaution to prevent the accomplishment of that work which was intimated in the advertisements that had appeared in the southern journals.

The 1st of March arrived, the President was still alive, and preparations were being made for the inauguration. In a Maryland store on that day this fact was being talked over between the secret rebel proprietor and one of his secession customers when the following colloquy arose :—

"When I subscribed to that fund," said the customer, "you asserted that it would be carried out before this day, and yet he still lives."

"Hush !" exclaimed the store-keeper, glancing toward the clerk, who although apparently busy with his duties was an eager listener to the conversation.

"You collected my money," said the customer, not noticing the warning glance, even if he saw it, "and I expected a return. My family has lost enough by the des-

potic tyranny of Abe Lincoln during the past four years, and yet in spite of all your finely concocted schemes we are to have four more years of it. It should have been done before this, or it will be useless."

"Caution," whispered the store-keeper; but in spite of the whisper the clerk overheard the words that followed. "The first sum was not enough, as the funds raised in the South could not reach us in consequence of the holders of gold not selling for Confederate notes; besides which the stringency of the blockade, Sherman's operations losing to us Savannah and Charleston, and that Yankee Lawyer Terry having taken from us Wilmington—the little gold that was secured by our friends there could not be got out of the Confederacy."

"But a million of dollars was called for," said the excited secessionist. "Surely some of it might have been brought through."

"What is a million after all?" asked the store-keeper. "It takes nearly fifty Confederate dollars to buy one in gold when purchasable; therefore if the whole sum was raised it would only have been twenty thousand dollars after all."

"I did not think of that," remarked the customer thoughtfully. "But then what we raised was a very good sum."

"Granted," asserted the store-keeper; "but it was not enough. Now I will tell you a secret. One hundred thousand dollars in gold, or its equivalent, are being raised to secure the assassination, not capture, of Lincoln. The man who is to perform the deed, and he will do it to, is to receive fifty thousand dollars before he strikes the blow, and the balance immediately after it is done."

"But when is it to be accomplished?" asked the customer.

"Before the next anniversary of our victory in Charleston Harbor, or rather the day when the first shot was fired for freedom."

"That is the 12th of April?" was the customer's interrogative remark.

"Yes," replied the storekeeper. "Now change the subject. The money will be raised and the work fully carried out. You may depend upon what I say."

"Where is the money to be handed over?" asked the other, eagerly.

"In Prince George County," was the reply. "Now not another word about it."

The conversation was accordingly changed.

"I've heard enough," thought the clerk. "Now let him discharge me if he dares."

Booth finding that his opportunity could not be found, and receiving a warning not to make the attempt so soon, after playing for a benefit at Ford's Theatre in Washington and witnessing the inauguration of both Lincoln and Johnson, determined once more to return to Canada, leaving Ella in the National Capital at the residence of her sister. Before he took his departure Ella cautioned him to be careful, and above all things not to get into the company of any women.

The actor teased her upon the exhibition of jealousy which she manifested; but the reply returned was that consideration for him only was the cause for her remark, as he might be induced to betray himself and his object, should he be led into female company after partaking too freely of intoxicating liquors. To this Booth promised caution and constancy; then took his leave of her.

Previous to his departure from the city he left instructions with his accomplices to prepare everything for action at a moment's notice; as there was no knowing what circumstance might arise to cause a prompt mode of procedure on their part. His friends were also requested to arrange every means for a final escape, to have relays ready at several points along the eastern shore, and a boat at a proper point where he could cross the Potomac into Virginia. The relays were to be continued along the route as far as practical and to be at places that would excite no suspicion.

Booth then visited Canada, saw his agents and then returned to Washington where upon his being asked whether or not he felt very desirous to secure an engagement at one of the theatres, he replied in the negative on the ground that he had netted between sixty and seventy thousand dollars by oil speculations. He continued to spend his money recklessly; and in reply to a remark on

the subject said that as he had made his money easily it should be spent freely while it remained.

At last he determined on a plan of operation, to be carried out the next night, when to his chagrin he found that President Lincoln had gone to City Point on a visit to General Grant.

"Confusion," said he, to one of his accomplices, "another chance lost. It is no use attempting our scheme in that place, even supposing it possible to get a pass. You had better sell those horses to the government, and trust to good fortune to procure others at the proper time. If we keep them here, they will be too well known and lead to our detention at a time when every moment will be of value. Ella and I are going to New York."

Next morning a man representing himself as a merchant of Brigantown, Charles County, Maryland, went to the stables of Thompson Naylor on E street, for the purpose of selling a stallion and a brown horse, blind in one eye. He stated that he had tried several times to sell the horses to the government, but without success, and now wished to get rid of them, if possible.

After several days had been employed the supposed merchant sold the stallion to a stage contractor, and subsequently disposed of his brown horse. He then continued to visit Mr. Naylor's stables, sometimes on the plea of hiring horses, at other times for the sake of conversation with the proprietor and employees.

During one of these visits the merchant asked whether he could have a horse, if necessary, at a few minutes notice, as he hoped to get a pass to visit the fortifications and the country round, and if he did so it would be necessary to use all the speed possible—the passes generally being for but a limited period, allowing no time to spare for hunting up animals and so forth. To this inquiry he received an answer that as a general thing he would be able to do so; but it would be as well to give him a few hours' notice.

Meanwhile Booth and Ella started for New York where they heard of the capture of Richmond and the flight of Lee's army. Not being able to restrain his feelings they took the Providence boat and after a fair trip arrived in that city on the morning of April 5th. They then put up

at the Aquidneck House, registering themselves as "J. Wilkes Booth and lady."

When Booth saw the dispatches which appeared in the daily journals with the name of "A. Lincoln" attached to them, he vented his annoyance in very expressive terms, not at all complimentary to the Chief Magistrate, and regretted that he had been unsuccessful in not carrying out his proposed scheme.

That afternoon he took his departure for Boston where he learned that the President had gone on to Richmond. With great bitterness he cursed him as a "cowardly tyrant who having by mere force of numbers reduced a down-trodden and oppressed people worse than slavery chose then to visit the place of his rascality for the purpose of gloating over the misery which he had caused; to march into the ruined capital of those who had been fighting only for their independence, and triumph over their downfall."

Ella cautioned him to be more careful in his remarks; but he only replied that "the man who would slay such a tyrant would win immortal fame."

"It would be useless now to kill him," remarked Ella. "The game of the South has fallen through, and they have thrown up their hand."

"But my work is not done," asserted Booth. "I am fully resolved upon accomplishing my original purpose."

"Upon reflection," said Ella, "I am sure you will give it up. It will only be running a needless risk, and for no good result. Now be persuaded by me. Let the others do as they please; but do you give up your share in the transaction."

"But I have taken their money," contended Booth, "and will not now back out if the opportunity only serves. Would I were in Richmond now he should never again see the inside of the White House."

The next day the actor visited the shooting gallery of Messrs. Floyd and Edwards in Chapman Place, opposite the Parker House, and began practising with the pistol. He fired the weapon in several strange positions, such as under his leg, behind his neck, and so forth, and acquired an expertness seldom witnessed even in that gallery.

During his stay in Boston he was a frequent visitor at

the gallery, and rarely fired in a straightforward manner—always choosing some position in which to ordinary men it would have been a matter of sheer impossibility to have taken a correct aim.

To an inquiry of a looker-on as to the reason of such curious practice he replied, carelessly, that it was merely for stage effect, and he being well known as an actor the answer seemed a plausible one.

Booth was still in Boston when the news reached that city, on April 10th, that President Lincoln had on the previous day returned to Washington. On that day he therefore stayed longer at the gallery and was the more precise in his firing, never appearing to feel satisfied unless hitting the bulls-eye with every attempt, no matter how difficult the position or unusual the attitude.

During these occupations Booth never engaged in any political discussions, but seemed intent upon his operations with the pistols. He rarely spoke at all; but when he did it was generally upon ordinary every day topics, always avoiding everything that had a tendency to draw him into an excitable kind of conversation.

That evening he left by the through express train for New York thence to Washington, having telegraphed in a simple manner that he was en route.

During the afternoon of the 12th, David Harold a young man then resident in Washington was seen moving anxiously about that city, going from one hotel to another. Upon ascending the steps of the Metropolitan Hotel he asked a friend of his, whom he had seen there, whether or not he had seen Booth.

"Booth?" queried the friend. "What Booth?"

"Wilkes Booth," replied Harold.

"No," was the friend's answer. "What do you want with him?"

"Oh! nothing very particular," said Harold evasively. "He promised to introduce me to some young lady acquaintance of his, that's all, and I wished to find him for that purpose."

Shortly after Harold found Booth, and together they went into the house of one of the noted secessionists, then resident in Washington, to consult upon the best means to be adopted for the furtherance of their schemes and the

carrying out of the project which was the dearest wish of the tragedian's heart and the highest hope of his ambition.

Several of the clique, who had resolved upon the desperate scheme, were present at the house, and after they had conversed for some time Booth said,

"We all ought to take a part in this matter, of equal risk. My object is the President; consequently each of you should select some other leading man, and be the means of putting him out of the way."

"You are right, Booth," said one, "and when you are ready, my aim shall be at Bill Seward. I have a personal as well as national cause of enmity against that man."

The others were silent and seemed inclined to back out of the affair, whereupon the owner of the house said,

"When the time comes, several others besides those you know about shall be taken low, and removed from the high seat of power they now hold. Let me learn when you are ready, and co-operation shall not be wanting."

CHAPTER IX.

THE PRELUDE TO THE TRAGEDY.

It was announced that the city of Washington was to be in a blaze of light on the evening of April 13, 1865, as it was the intention to illuminate all the public and other buildings in honor of the grand victories of General Grant over Lee, and the surrender of the latter and his whole command to the hero of Fort Donelson, Vicksburg and Chattanooga.

Booth while walking through the city called at Grover's Theatre and asked if it was the intention to illuminate that night, but received a reply in the negative as the 14th was considered at that house the right night for the display.

"That is correct," said Booth. "Why don't you get up something good and invite the President and Cabinet?"

The theatrical official said it was a good idea and he would think about it.

Evening came and with it a glorious blaze of light indeed. Among some of the most brilliantly illuminated buildings was Ford's Theatre and Booth as he walked through the

city, with anything but agreeable feelings, gazed for a few moments upon the front of the edifice after which he stepped into the theatre where he learned that it was the intention for the President and General Grant, with all the members of the cabinet, that could spare the time, to visit that place of entertainment the next night for the purpose of seeing the play of the "American Cousin."

After waiting long enough to do away with any impression that the information just given was the cause of his sudden withdrawal, Booth left the theatre, made his way to the house of the secessionist, where the meeting had been held on the previous evening and said he was now quite ready as the President intended visiting Ford's Theatre the next evening. He then announced his perfect willingness to perform his part of the work and stated he should be on hand the next evening providing the others were to be ready to do their allotted portion of the work.

Booth, having obtained a satisfactory reply returned to his hotel; in a few moments afterwards a man of genteel appearance left the house of the secessionist and took a room at Kirkwood's Hotel where Vice-President Johnson then boarded. Other men were seen moving in different directions, and disappearing amid the crowd who were inspecting the illuminations.

Friday, April 14th, was a busy day among the parties connected with the villainous scheme. The one who had hired the room at Kirkwood's Hotel was engaged in making inquiries about the room of Mr. Johnson, his whereabouts and habits; but only managed to gain such superficial information that was of but little value.

Booth having seen that everything was in working order and that all his assistants were at their proper posts, went to Weleker's Restaurant, one of the principal establishments in the city, where he dined. He then returned to his hotel—the National—when his extraordinary paleness and nervousness attracted the attention of the clerk.

Stepping up to the clerk the actor asked for a sheet of paper and an envelope, which were handed to him, and he commenced to write at the public counter. Finding that his attention was being distracted by the number of persons moving back and forth at the counter, he requested to be allowed

to write at one of the private desks and the request was promptly acceded to.

Booth then commenced the superscription of the letter, saying first to the clerk,

“What year is this, Mr. Merritt? Is it 1864 or 1865?”

“Why, man alive!” inquired the clerk, “don’t you know the year you live in?”

Not caring to make a second inquiry Booth went on writing the following letter :—

April 14,—2.P. M.

DEAREST MOTHER :

I know you expect a letter from me, and am sure you will hardly forgive me. But indeed I have had nothing to write about. Everything is dull ; that is, has been until last night (The illumination.) Everything was bright and splendid. More so in my eyes if it had been a display in a noble cause. But so goes the world. Might makes right. I only drop these few lines to you to let you know I am well, and to say I have not heard from you. Excuse brevity ; I am in haste Had one from Rose. With best love to you all

I am your affectionate son,

Ever

JOHN.

Having finished the letter and addressed it to his mother he placed it in the mail box and went up to his room.

As Booth was walking along the avenue towards Kirkwood’s he was accosted by a noted journalist of that city who inquired after his health and prospects. The actor in reply stated that a number of Canadian theatrical managers were desirous of engaging him for the season. He also stated that he had lost about six thousand dollars in oil by the recent floods in Oil City. During the conversation he appeared nervous and abstracted as if anxiously engaged in thought.

Booth then strolled along the avenue to Kirkwood’s hotel and sent in to Vice-President Johnson his card, upon which was written

“I do not wish to disturb you. Are you in ?

J. WILKES BOOTH.”

While the boy was absent with the card Booth walked to the front door where he was accosted by a friend of his acquaintance who remarked the peculiarly pale and sad look of his features.

"What makes you so gloomy?" asked the friend in a somewhat jesting tone of voice. "Have you lost another thousand in oil?"

"I have been hard at work, all day," replied Booth, "and am nearly worn out. I am about to leave Washington never to return."

The hotel boy at this moment came out and said to Booth, "Yes, he is in his room."

Supposing Booth would re-enter the hotel the gentleman passed on and thought no more about the circumstance.

"Confusion," muttered Booth, "why did he not write a reply. I could have made a good use of his written response, even if only a few words."

Booth then returned to his own hotel and remained in his room the remainder of the afternoon; but his agents were busily at work. Harold and Atzerot went to the stables of Thompson Naylor and the former hired a war pacing horse. Shortly after the latter reappeared with a bay horse, which he left, telling the hostler to have it ready for him at ten o'clock in the evening. Several others were engaged in certain movements all tending towards the one great climax.

About seven o'clock in the evening Booth came down from his room and handed his key to the clerk on duty. Noticing an unusual paleness and, almost marble-like appearance of his face, the official inquired,

"Mr. Booth, are you ill?"

"No," replied he, quickly. Then he asked, "are you going to Ford's Theatre to-night."

"No," was the clerk's answer.

"You ought to go," said Booth, "there is to be some splendid acting there to-night."

Shortly after leaving the hotel Booth in company with Harold and four others entered the drinking saloon of George Harry, adjoining Ford's Theatre, and all of them drank together.

"Now, boys," said Booth, "when we meet again may it be under more fortuitous circumstances."

"And success to our enterprise," responded Harold.

The liquor was disposed of with great gusto and emphasis, after which they formally shook hands with each other, bidding one another good bye.

Two of the party then mounted their horses and rode off, while others scattered about; Booth at once entering the theatre where by virtue of being a leading member of the theatrical profession he was allowed to pass the ticket-taker without question, although the latter could not help noticing the livid paleness of the actor's cheeks.

Shortly after he entered the restaurant next to the theatre and called, as he rattled on the counter in quick and hurried manner.

"Brandy, brandy; for God's sake let me have some brandy."

Having swallowed down the fiery liquor Booth once more entered the histrionic temple where he watched in great impatience for the arrival of his victim.

But still he came not and in his anxiety lest an accident should have prevented the President from carrying out the promised visit to the theatre, the excited actor seemed to fancy he was going crazy.

At last an extra commotion took place in the theatre and to the satisfaction of Booth, the Presidential party entered the special box set apart for their use.

Ella was this time kept entirely unaware of the horrible tragedy so soon to be enacted and knew nothing of the terrible secret which was to crush her down like a broken flower; therefore, although knowing the fanatical feeling of Booth, she had hoped he had abandoned his wild scheme, and never dreamed that he was about to carry it out after all, especially when the cause for which the sacrifice was to be made had passed away like a thing of time.

CHAPTER X.

THE TRAGEDY AT FORD'S THEATRE.

As the President entered the box set apart for him at the theatre the audience greeted him with a cheer, and awarded to him the honor of a victor—a saviour of the nation.

Mr. Lincoln had been delayed for some time in starting,

and even felt an inclination not to go to the theatre at all; but it having been announced to the public that both he and General Grant would be present that evening, the President overcame his objection and determined upon visiting the place of public amusement.

"General Grant," said he to a guest, "cannot positively go, and it will be a great pity to disappoint the audience altogether; therefore, reluctant as I am, it is my intention to spend a few moments at the theatre this evening, notwithstanding the fact that it is so late."

Thus resolved Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln left the White House and called at the residence of Senator Harris, where Miss Clara Harris and Major Rathbun joined the Presidential party. They then started for their evening's entertainment, and arrived at the theatre some time after the piece had commenced.

Meanwhile Harold had taken the horse he had hired at Naylor's, to a little stable in the rear of the theatre, and there placed it in security until the hour should arrive when it would be wanted. He had agreed to return it by eight o'clock P.M., but events arose to prevent that promise from being fulfilled. During the early part of the evening he removed a portion of the fence that had been erected by the corporation along the edge of the side walk on F street to prevent persons from walking off into the excavation made by construction of the passenger railway and thus formed an entrance to the vacant lot in the rear of the theatre and facing on F street. This fence was about six feet in height and a ready means of communication was thus made with the vacant lot.

An agreement had been made between Harold and Booth that when the former was ready for him he was to whistle shrilly several times, then remain near the stage door to give the signal to the man who was to have the horse in waiting in the vacant lot by the railroad track. Others were to watch the entrance of the theatre in order to be able to inform Harold when the Presidential party had entered the building.

But Booth had not been idle during the time he had to wait for the intended victim. His co-conspirators, who were not active accessories in the actual crime, had secured the private boxes in the immediate vicinity of

"State Box" and thus he was enabled to operate without exciting particular notice. As he was also well known to every person at the theatre, he was allowed to move about with more freedom of action than could possibly have been the case with an entire stranger, and as no one suspected him of any such diabolical purpose his actions were not watched.

The Presidential box was a double one, that could in ordinary cases be made into two by means of a partition; but on this and similar occasions it was thrown open into one large box with two entrance doors which opened on to a narrow hall way, perfectly dark, and separated from the dress circle by a door; consequently the tragical actor was enabled to operate without being seen by the assembled audience.

Knowing the theatre well Booth was aware of its various peculiarities, and among other things of this doorway leading to the dress circle. In order, therefore, to prevent interruption by the audience he contrived a bar of wood with which he could effectually fasten this door while he was engaged in his fiendish work. Having guarded against intrusion during the forthcoming tragedy he then began his preparations for the purpose of securing the means of observing the position of the persons in the state box before entering it; as much of success would depend upon this knowledge. With a gimlet he bored a hole in the door panel of each of the doors, then reamed it with a knife so as to form an excellent eyelet hole taking in at a glance the whole box and its occupants, and allowing a person in the dark hallway full opportunity for making such an observation without being seen. He next loosened the screws of the latches of the spring locks belonging to the boxes, and these were so left that they would hold the doors in their places and yet not form a barrier to his entrance into the box at the proper moment, the slightest pressure opening the doors.

Booth then arranged the chairs and sofa in such a manner as to insure him a clear and unobstructed passage to that part of the box to be occupied by the President, and also allow of his own free movements afterwards. He placed Mr. Lincoln's rocking chair as far as possible from those of the other parties, giving him, however, a splendid

view of the stage so that he might have no reason to change it. Mrs. Lincoln's chair was a little more remote from the front, while the others and the sofa were on the stage side of the box, leaving the entire centre without obstructions of any kind.

"Then," muttered the tragedian, "the stage is clear, and ready for the play, only waiting for one of the principal actors. They have tried to persuade me against this; but no, I will go through with it now."

When the Presidential party had taken their seats Booth advanced to the eyelet hole and saw that the disposition of the chairs had not been changed from the places where he had arranged them to be and now he waited for the expected signal from Harold that all was ready.

The moment of anxiety were years of agony to the desperate man, and occasionally he would take a deep draft of brandy from the flask which he had in his pocket. At last he heard a shrill whistle from the open ground behind the stage, and he knew all was in readiness for his escape.

Harold had by this time taken the horse from the stable and tied it up in front of the vacant lot near the opening in the broken fence; while Booth's own horse was held in the vacant area in the rear of the lot and within a few feet of the door of the green room of the theatre.

At the time when Booth heard the first signal the play had advanced to the conclusion of the first scene of the third act and when the second opened he was standing in the passage way of the "dress circle." He then moved slowly along in the rear of the audience towards the Presidential box, and when within a few feet of it a sudden pang of remorse struck him for the moment, and he leaned against the wall. Suddenly, however, on hearing a repetition of the whistling signal from Harold, which was only understood by himself, and his co-conspirators he seemed to revive from his stupor and began looking around him to see whether he was observed or not. Finding the eyes of one of the audience in the dress circle fixed upon him, Booth gave the inquisitive man a piercing look that was meant to imply the latter's scrutiny was not desired or agreeable.

At this moment a portion of the play had excited the admiration of the audience and they began to applaud. This drew the attention of the inquisitive man towards the per-

formers, and from Booth, who observing that the stage was only occupied by the "Asa Trenchard," of the evening muttered,

"Now's my only time."

With the rapidity of a flash he disappeared through the hall way door ; took one glance at the eyelet hole, thus ascertaining that the position of the occupants in the State Box was unchanged ; pressed his weight against the box door which almost noiselessly yielded to his pressures, and stood unobserved within the space devoted for the time to the use of the Presidential party.

It required but a moment for him to level the pistol at the back of the head of the unsuspecting President and discharged its contents into the brain of the man who had devoted his whole heart, soul and energies to the task of saving his country from the ruin which had threatened it at the hands of traitors and rebellious citizens of the Republic.

"One more blow for freedom," exclaimed Booth as he pulled the trigger.

As the shot was fired, Major Rathbun turned round just in time to see the flash, and the form of a man standing within six feet of the President. He therefore sprang from his seat and seized him ; but Booth was prepared for this action, for dropping the pistol, he shook off the Major's grasp, and changing the long dirk, which he had previously held in his left hand, to his right, he made a desperate stab at the officers breast.

With the quickness of lightning Major Rathbun threw up his arm and caught the blow thereupon near the shoulder, inflicting an ugly wound, but saving his life ; then again seizing the assassin by the clothing he endeavored to hold him. But such was the strenght of the desperate man that he again wrenched himself away ; but not until a portion of his apparel had been torn, and his impetuosity momentarily checked as he was about to leap from the box on to the stage.

While standing on the front of the box, which was on the second tier Booth shouted, loudly and in the hearing of the whole of the startled audience,

"*Sic Semper Tyrannis.*" *

*Thus always to tyrants.

The next moment he jumped from the box, seized the flag-staff and dropped to the stage. As his feet touched the board his spur dropped from the heel of his boot and he slipped, the height being somewhat great for such a leap and the actions of Major Rathbun having somewhat balked him. But, although breaking one of the fine bones of his leg, he sprang instantly to his feet and brandishing his long knife or dirk, shouted,

“The South shall be free.”

Amid the silence of surprise which now ensued, Booth heard one more shrill whistle, much louder than before, and as the stage was now clear, the “Asa Trenchard,” before alluded to, under the idea that the attack was intended for him having left it and rushed up a flight of stairs to save himself, Booth found no obstacles in his way, and rushing across the cleared space made his exit by the door in the rear.

An officer who occupied one of the orchestra chairs, on hearing the shriek of Mrs. Lincoln, and the cry of Major Rathbun to “stop that man,” instantly sprang upon the stage; but not knowing his way so well as Booth, was somewhat impeded in his action and arrived at the rear door only in time to see the assassin mount his horse and ride rapidly away in the darkness.

The excitement in the theatre now became intense, and the silence of surprise was turned in shouts of rage, and cries for vengeance.

“Hang him!” “Slay the traitor!” and “Who is he?” were the cries that rang on all sides of the house, and a perfect uproar ensued.

The President, mortally wounded, had not changed his and closing his eyes. The wound did not bleed.

position, with the exception of his head falling slightly forward

Major Rathbun then sprang up for medical assistance and to his surprise found the hall-way door firmly barred with the piece of wood that Booth brought for that purpose. This had prevented the excited audience in the “Dress Circle” from rushing to the assistance of the President and had enabled Booth thus easily to escape.

Having admitted one or two surgeons, and placed a guard at the hall-way door to keep back the crowd, Major Rathbun

advanced to the front of the box, announced the sad event and begged the audience to disperse.

So rapid had been Booth's movements that the time employed from the firing of the pistol to that when he disappeared from the stage was far less than a minute, thus showing he had well arranged his plan of operation and was fully acquainted with the inner construction of the theatre.

Notwithstanding the request of Major Rathbun and the appeal of Miss Laura Keene, who had advanced to the front of the stage and requested the excited audience to "have presence of mind and keep their places," the people were very boistrous and all were desirous of detecting and securing the vile assassin who had been recognized by several parties as "J. Wilkes Booth, the actor."

The dying President was shortly after removed from the theatre to a neighboring house where he lay all the whole night in a state of syncope, and finally yielded up his life at twenty-two minutes past seven o'clock of the morning of April 15, 1865.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF THE CABINET MINISTERS.

While the fearful tragedy was being performed at the theatre, the other accomplices, besides those who were assisting Booth directly, were engaged in further acts of the horrible drama in another part of the city.

The Hon. W. H. Seward, Secretary of State, had been for some days previous lying dangerously sick from the effects of injuries he had received from being thrown from his carriage, and was therefore powerless and prostrate in bed on the evening in question.

About the same time that Booth made the attack upon the President, the man who had declared his intention to "attend to Bill Seward," rode up to the door of the Secretary's mansion and rang the bell. The summons was answered by the colored servant.

"I wish to see the Secretary," said the stranger in a quiet tone of voice.

"De doctor say Massa Seward ain't to be sturbed no how;" replied the servant.

"But I have come from the doctor," said the man, "Dr. Verdi, the Secretary's private physician; you know—and I have a prescription for him."

As he spoke he held out a piece of paper which he had in his hand.

"Well, sah," said the darkey, "spect I'll take dat; but massa am jes gwine to sleep and can't be 'sturbed. Dat's jes so."

"But I tell you, fool," said the man persistently, "that I must see him, as I have been entrusted with particular directions concerning the medicine."

Still the colored servant asserted that no one could enter the chamber under any circumstances; whereupon the man pushing him on one side insisted upon going up stairs and finally succeeded in accomplishing that part of his purpose.

As the unknown was walking heavily towards the Secretary's room, the medical nurse at once notified Mr. Frederick Seward, the son of the sick official and Assistant Secretary of State who was in an adjoining room. That gentleman went out promptly and met the man at the entrance, demanding his business there at that hour of the evening.

"I have been sent by Dr. Verdi," said the man, "with a prescription for the Secretary of State, and as there is certain instructions connected with the administering of the medicine I have been directed to see to it in person."

Mr. Frederick Seward looked at the stranger, and saw that he was attired in a heavy overcoat, giving no outside appearance of a medical attendant. Not liking the look of the man he replied,

"I will take the medicine myself."

"That cannot be," persisted the man. "It must be given with my own hand to prevent mistakes."

"No one can enter my father's room to-night," was Frederick Seward's reply, "under any circumstances; therefore if the medicine cannot be left in my charge you must return in the morning."

"My instructions are positive," insisted the unknown, "and cannot be postponed, therefore I must see your father."

Mr. Frederick still refusing to grant admission, the conspirator, who was a very powerful man, rushed upon him and attempted to push him on one side. The former finding such to be the case, resisted the effort with all his might;

whereupon the other drew a pistol and twice attempted in vain to discharge it, as it merely snapped on the cap.

The desperado then rushed upon the Assistant Secretary and dealt him two powerful blows over the head with the stock of the heavy navy pistol, crushing in his skull in two or three places and breaking the pistol in pieces by the force of the blows—the chamber being separated from the barrel.

Upon finding that he had removed this obstacle from his path the villain then entered the apartment of the prostrate Secretary, and without taking any notice of the attendants at once threw himself on the sick man's bed, with the intention of cutting his throat with the long knife which he held in his hand.

As the bed clothes were tightly wrapped around the throat of the prostrate official, the assassin's attempt to reach it was in vain, and before he could remove the obstructions the medical nurse and others sprang to the assistance of the injured man.

But the assassin was a powerful fellow, standing over six feet in height with broad shoulders and straight figure showing great muscular power, although the delicacy of his hands and general development did not give any evidence of having been used to hard labor. Consequently when assailed by the attendants he was enabled to turn upon them without getting from the bed of the sick Secretary of State.

Quick as lightning he inflicted two serious gashes about the face of the prostrate man and others in the throat; but in consequence of the position of the invalid and the resistance caused by the clothing he was unable to inflict a mortal wound before the others rushed upon him.

Mr. Hansell belonging to the State Department, and at the same time in the adjoining room, rushed into the sick chamber and seeing the assassin at his fiendish work at once sprang on the villain's back. It required but an instant for the powerful fellow who had thus attempted the life of the Secretary of State to change the position of the weapon in his hand, to make rapid thrusts over his shoulder at the man who thus held him down and disable him; then springing from the bed and standing in all his full height and power on the floor he was able by the suddenness of the whole thing to overpower all obstacles which stood in the way of his making his escape.

Major Seward, another son of the Secretary of State, and an officer of the United States Army, having risen from his seat to aid his father, was immediately attacked with the knife by the assassin and wounded, as was also the attendant who had advanced for the same purpose. The villain then rushed down the stairs, and in a few seconds was outside the house where his horse was in readiness being held by an accomplice.

Quickly leaping into the saddle with the skill of an accomplished horseman the assassin waved his hand over his head and exclaimed, in a voice of triumph, which would have given evidence that he believed the whole of his vile work had been fully accomplished,

"Sic semper tyrannis!"

He then rode rapidly away having left behind him the weapons he had used and several wounded men.

As it fortunately happened, instead of killing the Secretary of State, the attack upon that official had saved his life; as the gashes had caused the bruised blood that had arisen about the face from the effects of the fall from the carriage to be forcibly removed. It had been a question with the surgeons whether they should not lance the face of the sick man and cause the congealed sanguinarious matter to be taken from the cheeks by such means, although at the risk of disfigurement; but the assassin had saved the surgeons the trouble as by the wound inflicted this medical operation was without their assistance.

It was not long before Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War, who having been apprised of the attack upon the President had promptly issued orders for the purpose of securing the arrest of the murderous desperadoes engaged in that fiendish work, called upon the Secretary of State, and to the joy of the former the latter at once recognized him.

"Where is the President?" asked Mr. Seward. "He is not usually unkind. Why does he not come to see me in this second infliction? Does he know of it? Where is Frederick?"

With these and sundry other questions, given in rapid succession, the wounded Secretary of State beset the Secretary of War, and upon the latter finding that the condition of the former would allow of his being informed of the

actual condition of affairs Mr. Stanton gave him a short but succinct statement of all that had transpired.

Mr. Seward at once comprehended the great events that had transpired during that eventful night, and instead of being depressed by the sad intelligence it seemed to give him nerve to bear his own inflictions.

Mr. Stanton then endeavored to find out what sort of man the assailant of Mr. Seward was and, after diligent inquiries among all who had seen him, ascertained that as near as possible he would have answered the following description :

Height six feet, one inch ; hair black, thick, full and straight ; no beard nor appearance of beard ; cheeks red on the jaws ; face moderately full ; twenty-two or twenty-three years of age ; eyes large, not prominent, color unknown ; brows not heavy but dark ; face not large but rather round ; complexion healthy ; nose straight and well formed, and of medium size ; mouth small ; lips thin ; the upper lip protrudes when he talks ; chin pointed and prominent ; head medium size ; neck short ; hands soft and small, fingers tapering, showing no signs of hard labor ; broad shoulders ; taper waist ; straight figure ; strong looking man ; manner not gentlemanly but vulgar ; wears an overcoat with pockets in the side and one on the breast, with lappels or flaps ; pants black, and of common stuff ; new, heavy boots ; voice small and thin, and inclined to tremor.

He then had the description telegraphed all over the country, and every available person put on the track of the fugitives.

About the same time as that when the attacks were made upon the President and Secretary of State, others were lying in wait to accomplish the murder of the Vice President, Secretary of War, and other officials. As the would-be assassins had not, like the others, the courage to make a bold attack upon these officials in their homes, and as circumstances so happened that there was no occasion for them to leave their residences the intended assaults did not take place.

General Grant was to have been included among the victims ; but private business calling him to Burlington in New Jersey he had left the National Capital about four hours before the attack was made upon the President and Mr. Seward. This circumstance doubtless saved to the nation the General who had redeemed the South from Rebel rule and restored the country to its former glorious position.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PURSUERS AND THE DECOYS.

As soon as the work had been performed at both the theatre and the residence of the Secretary of State, the accomplices began starting off in different directions, and one of them, who gave his name as Earle, made his way to Naylor's stable to get the horse which was to be ready for Atzerot at ten o'clock. As his face was recognized as having been with Atzerot there was no objection raised to his taking the steed; the hostler however making the following inquiry:—

"What has become of the man who hired the horse! He promised to bring the animal home by eight o'clock, and now it is ten."

"Has he not returned yet?" said Earle. "He'll be back directly."

While thus speaking he mounted the horse, which was ready saddled according to the order of Atzerot and as he rode away in the direction of Ford's Theatre he said,

"You'll hear of great news before morning."

"That is nothing," answered the hostler. "We expect great news now, and have been receiving it every day for some time past."

Still anxious and uneasy about the continued absence of the roan, the hostler went to the door of the stable to watch the way taken by Earle and saw him turn up Tenth Street. He then remained there for the purpose of looking out for the return of Harold.

Hostlers have a peculiarity of detecting the approach of animals under their charge by the sound of their pacing on the road, and when the steps of a horse's foot was heard, after some minutes had elapsed, he said to a friend who stood near by, and with whom he had been conversing relative to the non-return of the roan at the proper time,

"Oh! its all right. There's the pony now."

But the rider did not appear in the direction of the stable, and catching sight of him, a short distance off, the hostler ran forward with the intention of inquiring as to the cause of his being so late, and how long he intended to keep the animal out; but upon advancing it appeared that the rider had no desire to meet him; for turning suddenly, and riding

back to the corner, he passed rapidly up Fourteenth Street to F; down which he rode at a swift pace.

"Damn that fellow," ejaculated the hostler, "he wants to steal the roan. But I'll soon catch him."

Without a moment's hesitation the doubly anxious hostler ran back to the stable and saddled the fleetest horse therein, and started off in pursuit. He had heard Harold state that he resided in the vicinity of Fort Labacca, Md., and naturally thought that if stealing was his object he would make for that direction as soon as possible. The pursuer therefore started at once for the Navy Yard Bridge, which crosses the Eastern branch of the Potomac River.

In order to mislead the pursuers Harold had changed horses with one of the accomplices, so that if followed by any one knowing the animal they might go in chase of the wrong party. It was this design that made the rider show himself near the stable; consequently the hostler found but little difficulty in tracing the roan, as no effort had been made to conceal the movements of the animal, and plenty of non-active confederates of Booth were ready to give information of the route taken by him.

The rider of the roan took the path along which he knew it would be more than likely that a pursuit would be instituted, and crossed the Navy Yard Bridge in company with another man.

In answer to the inquiry of the guard the two men stated that their names were "Booth" and "Smith," and when the hostler arrived at the bridge he was informed that the roan had really passed over it with the latter named personage on his back.

"Can I go over?" asked the hostler. "I am afraid the rascal intends to steal the horse."

"Certainly you can," replied the guard. "There is nothing to prevent that; but you cannot return again to-night, if you do."

"Well, let him go," said the man. "He will perhaps come back in the morning, and I have no wish to be out all night."

Meanwhile other decoys started off in the direction of the Upper Potomac, each making his way in an open manner, as if anxious to excite observation.

The horse which Harold had secured in place of the roan was one that had been kept by him at a stable on K street

and which he had taken out about sundown on Friday evening and ridden round to the rear of the theatre. The voluntary reason which he had given to the stable keeper for removing his horse was that he intended to go to New York and might not be back for some time.

This changing of horses was also adopted with regret to Booth as well as Harold. The former had hired a brown mare of a man named Pumphrey, and then exchanged with Atzerot who left it at Naylor's stable, to be ready for him again at ten o'clock, and this same animal was taken out at that hour by the man named Earle. Thus if any one had recognized Booth earlier in the day while on the brown mare, it would be more than likely that the rider of that animal would be pursued at night under the idea that he was really the perpetrator of the deed of assassination.

So well had these decoys and their agents in the city of Washington arranged the means of escape that for a time it was impossible to get anything like a clue as to the real paths taken by the assassins; and to add to the confusion the members of the disreputable order, with which Booth had connected himself, managed to get afloat the rumors that the assassin had taken his route through Pennsylvania, and was making his escape westwardly. Many of these parties asserted they had seen him on the railroad; while others stated he had actually conversed with him, they not knowing at the time that the infamous crime had been perpetrated. The ever active press agents gave currency to these various stories as items of news.

Without stopping to inquire into the correctness of these various rumors, the last one was always accepted by the pursuers, nearest to the stated scene of action, as the most likely and consequently the only correct statement. So feasible indeed did the report that he had entered Pennsylvania appear, that the Governor of that State issued a proclamation that an additional reward of ten thousand dollars would be given if the assassin was captured within the limits of his gubernational dominions.

One of the party who had made his escape alone by the Uper Potomac route was pursued by the detectives, together with a force of cavalry, and was finally traced to a house near Germantown, a little place in Montgomery County, Maryland, where he was captured. It was the flight of this

man that had partially given rise to the idea that Booth had succeeded in getting in Pennsylvania, and this, aided by the wild rumors that excitement and fertile imagination will always conjure up and set afloat, gave greater currency to the erroneous report.

Another plan was adopted by the co-operators to aid in the escape of the fugitives and that was to fire on the guard and pickets by means of concealed assailants and thus make those sentinels seek some kind of protection, or cause them to search for their adversaries either action drawing them away from the position they had occupied.

In order also to delay the means of information reaching the outer posts of the city all the telegraph wires connecting with the War Department were secretly cut and it therefore became necessary for the Secretary of War to despatch couriers to the fortifications so as to give them information of the sad tragedy. As this had been looked for by the assassins and their accomplices they were of course a long distance beyond the fortifications before the couriers could arrive at their various destinations.

The necessities of trade requiring that free intercourse should be allowed between the National Capital and the surrounding country, no restriction was at that time in existence that would prevent, except under special circumstances, any persons from leaving the city. Thus the obstacles that would otherwise have been in the path of the assassins had been removed for the benefit of the citizens and travelling community ; the more especially as the Lee's armies in Virginia were prisoners of war and had given up the struggle.

The necessity of preventing information from reaching the South was not near so incumbent on the authorities as it had formerly been ; for between Washington and the rebels, actually in arms, were the victorious forces recently under General Grant, and the delays that would arise before couriers and secret mail carriers could reach the rebel lines, would of itself have been sufficient to make the information of little value to those for whom it was intended.

Thus everything accidental and designed seemed to aid the conspirators in their nefarious work, and to secure their escape after the deed of murder had been committed.

In order, however, to influence the rebel sympathizers and

others in the city, who did not approve of the vile atrocity, and to induce them to seek for and give up the malefactors, Secretary Stanton directed General Augur to offer at once a reward of ten thousand dollars for their capture, and to set every available man on the track. The consequence was that thousands of civil and military men were quickly engaged in the pursuit, without any special head to guide them or plan of speculations every one acting according to the method which suited him best, tumbling over one another and really aiding, by the confusion they created, the escape of the guilty parties.

Meanwhile guards were posted at the house where the unconscious President lay prostrate on the bed of death, at the residence of Vice-President Johnson and the Cabinet officials and at all points where the hand of the assassin was likely to be brought to bear. The excitement in the city was also at the highest pitch, the truly loyal men grieving at the loss which the country sustained and the rascally co-conspirators rejoicing in secret at the fact that the greatest enemy of rebellion—William H. Seward—had, in their belief, been forever removed from their path. They at least felt pleased at the thought that if the rebellion had failed, it had been avenged, and the country thrown into a state of consternation from which it would not soon recover.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FLIGHT OF THE ASSASSIN.

Booth as soon as he had mounted his horse rode off rapidly through the alley-way in the rear of the theatre until he came to F street where he found Harold ready mounted and waiting for him—the rest having already made their escape as before stated. Young Harrold made some inquiries as to whether or not they intended to wait for the man who was to slay Secretary Seward; but Booth replied he was big enough to look after himself and they could not afford to wait unless he joined them quickly.

Putting spurs to their horses so as to get clear of the city before the alarm of the assassination of President Lincoln could be sounded in the streets, they were enabled to push

on at a gallop past the Patent Office over Capitol Hill in the direction of the Eastern Branch of the Potomac. They crossed that river at Uniontown and then started off at full speed, having first while en route, fired upon an officer and his orderly who were pursuing them in the vicinity of Lincoln Hospital and Camp Barry. The orderly was wounded and the chase consequently given up.

The assassin and his chief aid then put the horses on their mettle, and rode along at a breakneck pace until they came to the village, if it may be so called, of Surratville. It had been arranged by some of the principal accessories that they should stop here and get refreshments as well as secure arms for their defense during the flight, and when the two murderous rascals arrived at the miserable hotel, kept by one John Lloyd, Harold pushed in behind the bar and secured a bottle of whiskey for his almost exhausted companion—the pain of the broken leg making him feel very faint.

There was no doubt that Harold knew the place well, for he did not require the slightest assistance of the villainous landlord in anything that he did, and procured all he wanted by getting it himself. Rushing up stairs he went to a broken place in the partition of one of the upper rooms, and drew from behind it a carbine which had been concealed there; then returning to Booth asked him if he was ready to renew their journey.

Lloyd seeing that Harold had only obtained one of the weapons hastened to the room above and brought down the other; but the latter informing him that Booth having broken his leg, could not carry the carbine, it was put down on one side and was afterwards found by the pursuers.

At last Booth declared that he was ready to proceed and when leaving the house asked his entertainer if he wanted to hear some news. To this the other replied that he didn't mind, but at the same time cared but very little about it. Booth then said,

"We have murdered the President and Secretary of State."

Without any more words the two men rode off amid the darkness in the direction of Bryantown, riding the whole night without stopping and at a furious pace—for it was for their very life.

Shortly before sunrise on Saturday morning when about three miles from Bryantown, Booth began to complain of the

pain in his leg, which had begun to swell very considerably, and finding the residence of a Doctor Mudd he determined to have it set before they proceeded further.

Rousing up the disciple of Escalapius, Harold introducing Booth by a feigned name stated that he had during the night, while riding, fallen from his horse and broken his leg, which he was anxious to have attended to as speedily as possible ; they both being desirous of proceeding on their journey without delay, time being of importance to them.

The doctor making some objections to haste in such a delicate operation, was informed that money was no object under the circumstances, and if he would only be speedy in the operation his remuneration should be twenty-five dollars cash in hand.

Promising to do what he could under the circumstances, the doctor called up his assistant and, on examination, found the smaller bone of the left leg broken in a curious manner. Placing the patient on a table he began to set the broken limb, first cutting off the riding boot in consequence of the swelling. The pain of the operation was excruciating, but the sufferer bore it without a murmur ; although the expression of agony in the assassin's face was so horrible that the doctor had to cover over the lower portion of it during the greater part of the time employed.

A great difficulty was now experienced by the surgeon in consequence of absence of properly constructed splints ; but, as a substitute, by splitting up an old wooden box unprovided ones were prepared which he said, "might answer until they came to their journey's end when it would be advisable to have the leg seen to again."

The assistant fashioned a rough pair of crutches during the day, as the travelers, who had before declared themselves to be in a great hurry, thought it would be better to let the patient rest for a while, at least during the heat of the day and then proceed easily after sundown.

When the shades of evening began to fall the two men again mounted their horses, the doctor assisting Booth, and they proceeded on their journey.

The night of Saturday was a very stormy one and before them, directly in their path, lay the well-known swamps of St. Mary's County, Maryland. To have traversed them after dark, without a guide, even under favorable circumstances,

would have been dangerous ; but on such a night as this it was certain death as the morass was both deep and slimy.

What must have been the thoughts of the murderer as he approached the swamps during this horrible storm ? A fugitive with the brand of Cain on his brow ; hastening from the pursuit of the avenging hand of Justice ; his leg broken yet fearing to enter the solitary houses that he might pass lest some one of the inhabitants should give him up—a wanderer—a worse than parricide.

At last the runaway felons found a negro along the belt of these swamps and who volunteered to show them the right path for two dollars. Booth offered him five dollars in addition if he would only guide them to Allen's Ford a little village named after the stream which empties into the Wicomico river. This the negro agreed to do, and in a few minutes they were again on their way.

While en route they came to the house of a man named Sam Coxer, who was reputed, to be a virulent secessionist, if not an actual accessory in the vile conspiracy.

It was midnight when Booth, Harrold and the negro arrived at the house, which was a very handsome one, and all the inhabitants appeared to be in bed. For a time it seemed to be impossible to arouse the sleepers, but after making a great deal of noise, Coxer at last came to the door with a candle in his hand.

Suddenly the light was extinguished, either by accident or design, and the owner of the building catching hold of the two men dragged them into the house without saying a word, leaving the negro with the horses in the yard, notwithstanding the severity of the night.

For fully four hours the assassin and his assistant remained in that house, and were well entertained by their host ; but about four o'clock in the morning they reappeared and informed the negro that it was time for the resumption of their journey.

"That fellow's an unfeeling brute," said Booth to Harrold, as they mounted their horses, and in a tone of voice loud enough for their guide to hear. "To think he should own so large a place and yet refuse to give two benighted travelers a night's lodging and a meal's victuals. He deserves to be scouted out of civilized society."

This remark was merely uttered in order to mislead the

negro, so that he might not give any information against Coxer in the event of a pursuit. The design was far too flimsy to even deceive him ; for he had seen them eating and drinking to their heart's content.

Booth now told the guide to continue onward and after traveling a few miles further, Harold made some remark to his companion which caused him to say,

"You're right." Then to the negro he added, "We know the way now, and you can return. There's five more dollars for you."

The darkey opened his eyes with delight, as he had earned twelve dollars for one night's work ; but while making his way back, he chanced to look around and observed that instead of following the onward road the two men had turned their horses' head once more towards the residence of the man who had treated them in such an ungracious and inhospitable way.

The two fugitives while subsequently partaking of some refreshments en route, at a house, supposing themselves unknown and paying for what they had, suddenly noticed that a servant was sent out to inform the neighbors who were their guests. This was a dilemma that might be in their favor or might not—the party not being recognized as of the clique—therefore, seizing the food on the table, like half-famished wolves, they decamped and took refuge in the swamp.

Booth and Harold soon ascertained that it would be impossible to escape across the Potomac in consequence of the strictness with which the river was patrolled and the numerous pursuers which were on his track scouring the country in all directions. Late on Monday they succeeded in getting down in the vicinity of Point Lookout with the intention of crossing the Potomac, but were driven back in consequence of the cavalry tearing through the country in that direction.

Concealing themselves for a day or two, the cavalry, under the supposition that the fugitives were in some other direction, left the neighborhood of the Point and proceeded further up through St. Marys County. On Wednesday night Booth made preparations to cross the river and hired a colored man to ferry the two fugitives across ; but the river patrols soon discovered the attempt and be-

gan chasing them, when the boat made a hasty return to the Maryland shore. Booth and his companion once more tried to get back to Coxes house, but found that he had been arrested in the meantime. They therefore concealed themselves during the remainder of the day in the swamp.

Next morning the Government issued a proclamation, offering a reward of fifty thousand dollars for the arrest of Booth and twenty-five thousand dollars for Harold and Atzerot. The last named was arrested north of Washington near Germantown.

A proper system of detective arrangements had by this time been made under Colonel Baker, and a completely organized system of pursuit instituted—chosen men of subtle shrewdness being despatched to certain vital points, and really suspicious characters arrested instead of the general and wholesale plan before adopted. Several persons in the National Capital were also taken prisoners and among others was a noted secession woman of the name of Suratt, who was considered one of the principal accessories in the vile murder; as at her place several well known active rebel abettors were in the habit of meeting and the hotel where Booth and Harold procured refreshment and arms on the night of the assassination were also her property.

When Ella came to hear of the murder, and found the next morning that Booth was known to be the actual perpetrator of the deed at the theatre, she endeavored to commit suicide by taking chloroform; for on entering her room about eleven o'clock on the day after the assassination, she was found in a state of lethargy. Efforts to arouse her proving fruitless medical assistance was called for and after applying the proper remedies she was restored to consciousness and life.

When Ella found what had been done for her she said to the physicians,

"I don't thank you for saving my life."

Almost frantically she placed her hand under the pillow of her bed, and drew forth the assassins likeness which she had concealed there, and covering it with kisses wept over it with almost heart broken grief.

Two days afterward the whole of the family that lived

in the house with Ella were arrested and carried to the police station to be held as witnesses; as there was no evidence of their actual knowledge or complicity with Booth in the crime of assassination.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CAPTURE OF THE SEWARD DESPERADO.

The miscreant who had attempted the cowardly assassination of a sick man, powerless to help himself, having, as he supposed, completed his fiendish work, which would have doubtless been the case, but for the medical nurse of the Secretary of State—on galloping away from the house attempted to find Booth and Harold as had been agreed upon. But on discovering the city to be fully alarmed by the announcement of the assassination of the President and he, having been delayed by the resistance he had met with at the hands of those at Mr. Seward's mansion, at once made for the open country at his quickest speed, intending to strike the Eastern branch of the Potomac at the point agreed upon.

The wild desperado rode at a breakneck pace and when near Fort Lincoln, which commanded the approaches from Baltimore, his horse stumbled and threw him violently to the ground—the rideless steed then making its way back to the city.

For sometime the miscreant felt himself very much confused and bewildered by the force with which he had fallen; but on regaining his senses and finding himself afoot, he assumed the disguise of a laborer, throwing away his blood stained overcoat, bespattering himself with mud and earth, making a coarse cap from his undershirt and taking up an old pick which he found in the vicinity.

Not thinking it advisable to return at once to the city, the would-be assassin concealed himself for a couple of days, completing his disguise by dying his hair and otherwise altering his personal appearance. On Monday evening, when the violent excitement had somewhat subsided he began his return to the city.

Meanwhile the military authorities had been busily at

work within the immediate limits of the corporation boundaries and having received information that Mrs. Surratt, the mother of the man suspected as Secretary Seward's murderer, lived in a house in the very heart of the city, one which had been noted in the report of the Provost Judge for the number of visitors who would go to it in one stile of dress and leave it in another, the order was given by the Provost Marshal for the arrest of all the inmates.

The officers selected for this duty, reached the house at about half-past ten o'clock in the evening and arrested Mrs. Surratt, her daughter and two other young ladies. Soon after one of the assistants of the Special Commissioners of the War Department arrived at the house and proceeded to the examination of the papers and effects of the occupants. During the search abundant evidence was found of Mrs. Surratt's complicity with the rebels, and her acquaintanceship with Booth, whereupon they were all put under closer arrest with the intention of sending them to head-quarters.

As the ladies were preparing to leave the house a light knock was heard at the door, which was at once answered by the assistant commissioner who found a young man at it with a pickaxe on his shoulder. Seeing a stranger the visitor exclaimed,

"I believe I am mistaken."

"Who did you want to see?" asked the commissioner.

"Mrs. Surratt," answered the other.

"Mrs. Surratt lives here," said the assistant commissioner quietly. "She is at home; walk in."

The laboring man entered, apparently without suspicion, and was ushered into the parlor, while the ladies who were under arrest were passed out of the house from a back room where they had been assembled.

An opportunity was now obtained to examine the young man thoroughly and it was found that his clothing did not tally with his calling, for on inquiring as to the reason of his visit at that late hour, he stated that he "had been hired to dig a drain for Mrs. Surratt and had called to know at what time the next morning she wished him to come to work." Notwithstanding the mud on his boots and pantaloons it was soon discovered that they were both

of fine material, and his hands gave evidence of never having been used to hard labor; being white, soft and delicate as a woman's and free from any marks of toil,

"What is your occupation?" asked the officer, "and where were you last employed?"

"I have been employed as a laborer on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad," replied he, "was at work on the road on Friday last and slept that night with the other road hands."

To the question of where he had been since Saturday morning, it being then Monday night, he returned confused and contradictory answers, and at last broke down entirely. He stated he had no money of consequence and gained his living by day labor, and to the remark as to his loyalty he produced a certificate of the oath of allegiance purporting to have been taken by Lewis Paine, of Farquier County, Va.

"Is this your name?" asked the officer.

"It is," replied he.

"Where was this issued?" was the next question; but to which the other could return no answer, alleging as an excuse that he was a poor man and could not read or write; whereas his language betrayed a man of education. His story not satisfying the officer he was arrested and searched.

Upon his person were found a brush, comb, tooth brush and pomatum, articles not generally carried by laborers during the time they are employed with their work, and about twenty-five dollars in green-backs.

Upon his being removed to head quarters and further examined he gave an entirely different account of himself, and suspicions arose in the minds of those present that he was the actual man who had attempted the life of Secretary Seward.

In order to test this question, a messenger was sent to Mr. Seward's residence requesting the presence of those who were in attendance at the house on the night of the attempted assassination, but without stating for what purpose they were required. The captured man, with two other strangers, were placed in a room, dimly lighted, and made to represent as near as possible the condition of the Secretary's apart-

ment on that eventful night. The domestics were taken into this room one at a time, and upon the porter, a negro lad, about seventeen years of age, entering the apartment, he threw up his hands with an exclamation of horror as he pointed to the one who had called himself Lewis Payne, saying,

"That is the man ! I don't want to see him. He did it. I know him by that lip."

The colored porter had previously described the peculiarity of the murderer's lip, and now it stood out in bold relief when he again mentioned the fact. Desirous not to trust only to the statement of the colored porter, other domestics were called into the room, and he was fully recognized as the man who had committed the "foul and damned deed."

The detectives were promptly set to work the next morning, and a chain of evidence was discovered which accounted for all the miscreant's actions from the time he left Booth until he entered the house of the prostrated Secretary of State. The vile desperado, who was afterwards discovered to be a Kentucky outlaw, was then double-ironed and placed in confinement on board one of the gunboats in the river, as in the then excited state of the populace, no prison in the city would have been strong enough to have held him against their fury.

Evidence was also found against Mrs. Surratt, which positively identified her connection with the whole of the diabolical plot, if she were not the prime mover in the affair. Other arrests were made of accomplices, all of whom were incarcerated to await the action of the military commission.

That the rebels in Canada, especially those who had been engaged in the atrocious raiding and piratical schemes, rejoices at the assassination of President Lincoln is evident from the following extract from the principal journal in the province :—

"It caused a thrill of horror in this city when it was made known that Southern refugees assembled in our chief hotel, as soon as the deed was known early on Saturday morning and entered upon a noisy debauch in honor of the event, and *that a clergyman among them said publicly at the breakfast table at the same hotel that Lincoln had only gone to h—l a little before his time.*"*

*Toronto Globe, April 17, 1865.

On a subsequent occasion the same journal not only confirmed its previous statement, but added the following :—

*"When the horrible news was first received in Toronto, expressions of joy were heard from Southern refugees in other quarters than those of which we have spoken, and plenty witnesses of the fact can be obtained if needed. In a short time, however, it was found that the expression of such sentiments was exciting too much indignation among Canadians of all parties. Pro-Southern as well as Pro-Northern, and the jubilant refugees began to hark back. They began to express great regret at the dreadful news from Washington, but such simulated feelings are no atonement for the first barbarous expressions of joy, and deceive none but those who wish to be deceived."**

CHAPTER XV.

THE FURTHER FLIGHT OF THE ASSASSINS.

Having been driven from point to point by the cavalry and mounted police for nearly a week without being discovered, Booth and Harold at last managed to get across the Potomac at a point some distance below Acquia Creek. The means of transit employed was a row boat, and the place where they embarked was so shallow that the craft could not approach the shore within a number of yards; consequently it was necessary for the two fugitive assassins to wade the stream some distance to reach the boat. Doubtless this fact accounted for their escape, for about an hour after dark on Saturday the boat a skiff, about fourteen feet long disappeared from its anchorage, and next morning, about daylight two persons were seen to land on the Potomac shore of King George County, Virginia, in the vicinity of Upper Machadoc Creek.

Booth was now suffering intense agony from his broken leg, and it was agreed that he should lie concealed on the ground while Harold went for assistance.

The latter then went over the field to the nearest house, an old dilapidated farm occupied by an antiquated son of Ebon of whom Harold asked the road to a certain house in the vicinity, to which he had been directed by some friend in

*Toronto Globe, April 20. 1865.

Maryland. The negro agreed to show him the house where he arrived at about ten o'clock on Sunday morning.

After inquiring for the lady proprietor, who was absent, Harold represented himself as an escaped Confederate soldier who with his brother had succeeded in getting out of a Yankee Prison and were trying to make their way to Georgia. He added that his brother (meaning Booth) was lame, having broken his leg, and he wished to procure a horse for his use.

On the return of the lady of the house he requested from her the use of a conveyance for his crippled brother, repeating the statement before used; but received a reply that she had no conveyance, and thought he could walk. He next wanted to buy a horse, even at a high price. The lady then asked if they had any food and was answered in the negative; where upon she procured them some provisions which Harold took to Booth who was still lying on the ground.

As Harold was receiving the provisions he made the inquiry of the young lady if she ever went on a water trip, to which she replied that latterly they had had no boat.

"I have a little boat," said Harold, "down by the river bank, which for your kindness you may go and get."

About this time the fugitive was recognized, by a paroled rebel soldier who was staying with the lady, as a student of medicine of Charles County, Maryland, where they had met in former times. This recognition was very embarrassing to Harold, as he had hoped to escape further South before such a mishap should occur.

Having procured the provisions Harold returned to Booth and on the road met an old man in the field adjoining the farm occupied by the old negro, and of whom he requested a horse either for sale or hire, stating the object for which it was required to be the removal of his sick brother to Dr. Stewart's.

The old man objected to go so far as there were plenty of doctors nearer; but Harold insisted upon going to Stewart as the best practitioner.

Finding Harold so resolute, and receiving a promise of ten dollars for the transportation, the old man went into his yard and caught a couple of horses; while the former went back to Booth who was still lying on his back near the creek in no very enviable frame of mind. The assassin was then helped to house and introduced by a fictitious name to the

old man. They left for the resumption of their journey at about two hours before sunset and arrived at Dr. Stewart's at dark.

"Now we are all right at last," thought Booth.

The old man then rapped at the door of Dr. Stewart's, at Hampstead, King George County, and stated that he had brought two Confederate soldiers, one with a broken leg, who required his assistance professionally. Booth and Harold then entered the house, and requested food and accommodation; but this the doctor said he could not give them.

"But we have been recommended to you from your friends in Maryland," said Booth, "and are willing to pay."

"It matters not," replied Stewart, "I cannot accommodate you."

The doctor then called the old man back, and told him to carry those he had brought, to a place where they could find a man willing to take them to Port Conway, to which place they desired to go.

Meanwhile the news had reached Washington by the secret telegraph, which had been connected near Chappel's Point, that the assassins would most likely escape after all; although it was clearly ascertained that they had taken refuge in those counties, and the following despatch was sent that night all over the country:—

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, April 22, 1865. }

Major General JOHN A. DIX, New York:—

The counties of Prince George, Charles and St. Mary's have during the whole war been noted for hostility to the government and its protection to rebel blockade runners, rebel spies and every species of public enemy; the murderers of the President harbored there before the murder, and Booth fled in that direction. If he escapes it will be owing to rebel accomplices in that region.

The military commander of the department will surely take measures to bring these rebel sympathizers and accomplices in murder to a sense of their criminal conduct.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

No delay was allowed at the National Capital, for as soon as the precise spot where the fugitives had landed

was ascertained the detectives and a small force of cavalry was despatched by water to Belle Plain in order to hunt them down.

Booth and his companion in crime reached Port Conway to which place they had been transported at a high price, and they hailed the ferry man to take them across the river in his boat—the general method of crossing the stream; but as the waterman was engaged in fishing he did not care to desist merely for the satisfaction of earning the paltry pittance of two men's fare—the revenue from which was scarcely in his opinion worth the trouble of receiving.

Seriously annoyed at this obstacle in their path the fugitives kept on calling to the ferryman, without any good result, and were about to give up the affair as hopeless when a small number of rebel cavalry men—troopers belonging to the recently surrendered command of Colonel Mosby, the guerilla,* then on the way to their homes—came up and compelled the ferryman to take them all over. The demand was enforced by the presentation of a loaded pistol and a threat to blow out his brains unless he immediately brought over his boat and transported them across.

With such powerful inducements the ferryman could not help but comply, and the craft was at once brought to the northern shore of the river. The whole party were then ferried across to Port Royal.

The Captain of these disbanded cavalry was on his way to visit an old sweetheart at Bowling Green, and taking a fancy to Booth and his companion resolved to see they were properly treated.

While waiting for the ferryman Harold went to the house of a fisherman in the vicinity and asked how much he would charge to take them to Orange Court House—his brother being lame. The fisherman replied he did not know the way to the Court House, but would take them to Bowling Green in his wagon for ten dollars in gold. To this price Booth objected as exorbitant and stated he was willing to give ten dollars in greenbacks. After some haggling they agreed; but while the fisherman was delay-

See MOSBY, THE GUERRILLA, [Dawley's War Novels, No. 1.] price 25 cents.

ing about his nets the cavalry came up as before stated. The captain agreed to take Booth up behind him on his horse and so transport him to Bowling Green if he could not find shelter for him before.

Having crossed to Port Royal the rebel Captain tried to get some of the farmers to accommodate Booth, who he represented was a wounded man of Mosby's command; but no one would do anything for him, representing that they had no accommodation for more than themselves.

After travelling about five miles towards Bowling Green the rebel Captain took Booth to a farm house about a quarter of a mile off the main road. The latter was introduced to Mr. Garrett as a Mr. Boyd, a Confederate soldier late of General A. P. Hill's corps, and who had been wounded at Petersburg.

"Keep him a day or two," said the Captain, "and then I will send for him. You'll find a good fellow."

This the farmer agreed to do, and the Captain returned to his men with whom Harold had remained. The whole of them then took their way to Bowling Green leaving Booth at Garrett's farm. This was late of Monday afternoon.

Early next afternoon Harold returned to Booth and informed him that the Federal cavalry were crossing the river and that he had better take refuge in the forest. Obtaining a couple of pistols from the farmer and taking the carbine the two fugitives hid themselves in the woods until after dark, when they returned to the farm and requested permission to sleep in the barn. As this was an old tobacco house, and now out of use the permission was accorded, providing they would allow themselves to be locked in all night. To this the others consented, and the assassin and his aid threw themselves down upon some dry refuse hay and straw, and tried to sleep.

Meanwhile the sons of Mr. Garrett, not liking the strange conduct of the fugitives resolved to watch them, and secreted themselves in the granary for that purpose.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PURSUIT, DEATH AND BURIAL OF BOOTH.

The authorities having obtained the clue to the route taken by the fugitives, the detectives and military forces quitted Washington on the afternoon of Monday, and arrived at Belle Plain, Stafford County, Virginia, shortly before midnight.

At first their inquiries were fruitless, and it was evident they were on the wrong road—that leading to Fredericksburg; whereupon their course was changed southwardly, when they came the next day to the house of the Port Conway fisherman, whose team the assassins had first hired, and then refused as before described. Here they learned that a party, resembling Booth, and lame, had gone off behind the Confederate Captain toward's Bowling Green, and the officers and soldiers at once started in pursuit, having been ferried across the river for that purpose. Hastening forward they arrived at Bowling Green shortly before midnight, found the rebel Captain in bed and aroused him to give information.

When the rebel officer ascertained the disreputable character of his late company, he became very much alarmed and eagerly informed his questioners all he knew of the matter, stating also that Harold had left him with the intention of rejoining the chief assassin on that very afternoon.

The detectives took the rebel officer with them as a guide, and all worn out as they were, both civil and military, they retraced their steps towards Garrett's farm, where they arrived at about two hours after midnight. The old farmhouse looked dim and weatherworn in the gray light, the whitened walls being scarcely perceptible.

The front of the building faced the north, and was protected and ornamented by a long Virginia porch, about which the vines usually crept in happy times.

The barn was behind the house, in the darkness being even less perceptible, except as a black mass rearing itself against the background, and near to it were corn-cribs and cattle-sheds.

The surrounding fences, and plain level landscape, together with the primitive nature of the place, bespoke the work

of many a toiling hand in by-gone days, as it calmly reposed in peaceful silence, which was soon to be rudely broken.

In the stillness of the hour the chief detective forced the gate and entered the farm limits cautiously. As the soil was soft, the horse's hoofs made no noise during the approach, and they surrounded the house, every man with his carbine ready for use at a moments' notice.

These preparations completed, the chief detective aroused the farmer, an old man, who came to the door in his underclothes to ascertain the cause of the alarm. He was promptly seized by the throat and threatened with instant death, unless he stated where the men who had taken refuge with him were concealed. Not answering, he was ordered to procure a lighted candle quickly, and the demand was speedily complied with. The fugitives were again inquired for, the farmer with a pistol at his head answering that they were gone.

"I assure you they are gone," said he. "We haven't got them in the house."

At this moment the son appeared and stated that it would be safer for all of them to acknowledge the fact at once; then turning to the officers he said:

"The men you seek are in the barn, at least I expect they are the same from your description. They went in there to sleep."

The old man and the women of the house having been placed under guard, the remainder of the forces, civil and military, with the son, advanced to the barn, which was found to be locked. Securing the key, and arranging the guards around the building, in such a manner that it would be impossible for any one to escape, the commander on hearing a rustling sound inside, said aloud:

"I have a proposal to make to you that are inside the barn. Give up your arms to the person we send to you, and who is the son of the farmer; then surrender yourselves, or we will fire the place you are in."

No answer being returned, the lad was pushed inside the barn by a quick opening and closing of the door; and when within the building he begged of them to surrender.

"Damn you," said Booth, as he placed his hand in his

pocket to get a pistol, "get out of here, you have betrayed me."

Finding his life in danger, the lad quickly slipped outside, and stated that the others would not comply with the demand for surrender. He then got as far from harm's reach as possible.

The commander then said to Booth :

"Do you intend to surrender? Give up your arms and appear. There is no chance for escape. We give you five minutes to make up your mind."

"Who are you?" shouted Booth, in a clear, bold voice, "and what do you want with us?"

"We want you to deliver up your arms and become our prisoners," replied the officer.

"But who are you?" asked Booth anxiously.

"That makes no difference," replied the commander. "We know who you are, and we want you. We have here fifty men, fully armed, so you cannot escape."

"Captain," said Booth, after a pause, "this is a hard case, I swear. Perhaps I am being taken by my own friends." Upon receiving no reply he added, "give us a little time to consider."

"Very well," said the expeditionary commander, "take time."

After a pause of some duration he shouted :

"You've had time enough. Surrender your arms and come out, or we'll fire the barn."

"I am but a cripple," said Booth, "a one-legged man. Withdraw your forces one hundred yards from the door and I will come. Give me one chance for my life, Captain, for I will never be taken alive."

"We did not come here to fight," said the Federal officer, "but to capture you. I say again, appear, or the barn shall be burned down."

"Well then, my brave boys," replied Booth in a calm clear voice, "prepare a stretcher for me."

Suddenly a quarrel arose between Booth and Harold when the former shouted,

"Get away from me. You are a damned coward, and mean to leave me in my distress. But go, go; I don't want you to stay."

Then calling to the guards he shouted,

"Here's a man inside who wants to surrender."

"Let him come," said the commander "if he will bring his arms."

"Let me out," shouted Harold, as he rattled at the door. "Open the door, I want to surrender."

"Hand out your arms then," said the officer.

"I have none," was the reply, which Booth confirmed; but the detective insisting that as he had carried the carbine, he must bring it out, Booth said,

"On the word and honor of a gentleman he has no arms with him. They are mine and I have got them."

Harold was then allowed to come out when he was handed over to the guards; after which Booth again spoke in a clear, calm like voice,

"Captain," said he, "give me a chance, draw off your men and I will fight them singly. I could have killed you six times to night; but believe you to be a brave man, and would not murder you. Give a lame man a show."

It was too late; the barn was being fired, and the dry straws and other combustibles therein were quickly ignited. In a moment the inside of the barn was brilliantly illuminated and in the center could be seen the form of the assassin standing boldly upright, resting on his crutch.

The fire inside made the darkness without still more obscure and while the murderer could be seen distinctly, the men who surrounded the building were in perfect obscurity. It was in vain that he attempted to pick out the man who had fired the barn; no one person could be discerned.

Finding the fire gaining upon him, he seized the carbine and made a dash for the door, with the intention of selling his life dearly, when Sergeant Corbett, at an eyelett hole, drew upon him the fatal bead. With a shout, and a convulsive elongation of the figure, the assassin stood both upright and then fell head long to the floor. The bullet had struck him almost in the same spot where he had wounded the President.

The troops rushed in and drew the prostrate man from the burning building, after which he was placed on the porch of the dwelling.

Horrible indeed were the last moments of the assassin. The wound did not bleed, nor was the brain injured. He

was shot through the upper part of the neck, and the ball had passed out at the other side. In his agony he several times called upon those around him, saying,

“Kill me, for God’s sake, kill me.”

He desired the detective to tell his mother that he “died for his country and thought he did all for the best.”

In the cold hour in the morning, which precedes the rising of the sun, the spirit of the assassin began to quit its mortal clay, and as the sun was rising the convulsive spasms shook his livid frame, a struggle between the strong man and the grim monster ensued, and Booth the assassin was no more.

The agony which he endured gives evidence of one fact which is, that the assassin had a wound of the spinal cord about the second cervical vertebra, which was doubtless fractured. Such a wound would produce complete paralysis of the arm, legs and lower portion of the trunk, while respiration and the action of the heart would continue, as the nerves which proceed to those organs pass off from the cranium and not from the spinal cord. The mind was clear and undisturbed, save from the shock of the wound and pain, but the brain was uninjured. It was a living, active mind, with a dead, helpless body, with the most excruciating, agonizing pain that a human body can be subject to.

In Booth’s case the nerves of organic life, respiration and circulation were uninjured; and the only muscles over which he could exert any volition were those of the head and face. From the moment the ball struck him he was dead and helpless, with a mind clear, in intense suffering, a living witness of his own just punishment for his atrocious deed. Was there not the avenging hand of God upon him from the moment he exclaimed upon the stage of Ford’s Theatre, “I am avenged?” In the leap upon the stage the fibula, the small bone of the leg, was fractured. For ten days and nights the forests and swamps were his home, with pain, and dread, and anguish. When discovered the barn was fired; before him a sea of flame, ready to engulf him; beyond the grave a still greater sea of flame awaiting him; and at that instant he received his peculiar, his wondrous wound, which we have described. Could the end of such a life have been more painful, more appal-

g? Was there not in all the hands of an overruling Providence?

The body was brought on to Washington, where it was identified, the head and heart taken from it to be deposited in the Medical Museum, and the trunk consigned to the care of the secret agents for burial in the felon's grave yard near the Penitentiary, where it remains without even the common grave hill which marks the poorest unknown pauper's last home. Nothing exists to show where lies the assassin of the President, and to the last day it will be impossible for any one to point out his tomb. This secrecy was more in charity than hate, for no cemetery would be deemed sacred enough to keep his grave from spoilation if it only became known where his rotting remains were deposited.

Is such the fame that Booth desired
That shall outlive the temple he destroyed?
Heaven forbid.*

CHAPTER XVII.

THE REWARD FOR THE CONSPIRITORS.

The confession of the accomplice Harold and the documentary evidence found on the body of the dead assassin, clearly implicated the Rebel President and his Canadian agents in the vile plot for assassination, and upon its being fully ascertained that such was the case, President Johnson at once issued the following Proclamation :—

Whereas, it appears from the evidence in the Bureau of Military Justice that the atrocious murder of the late President, Abraham Lincoln, and the attempted assassination of the Hon. W. H. Seward, Secretary of State, were incited, concerted and procured by, and between Jefferson Davis, late of Richmond, Va., and Jacob Thompson, Clement C. Clay, Beverly Tucker, George N. Sanders, W. C. Cleary and other rebels and traitors against the Government of the United States, harbored in Canada; now, therefore, to the end that justice may be done, I Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do offer and promise for the arrest of said persons, or either of them, within the limits of the United States, so that they can be brought to trial, the following rewards :

One hundred thousand dollars for the arrest of Jefferson Davis.
Twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of Clement C. Clay.

Twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of Jacob Thompson, late of Missis-ippi.

Twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of George N. Sanders.

Twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of Beverly Tucker ; and,

Ten thousand dollars for the arrest of William C. Cleary, late clerk of Clement C. Clay.

The Provost Marshal General of the United States is directed to cause a description of said persons, with notice of the above rewards, to be published.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the City of [L. s.] Washington, the 2d day of May, in the year of our Lord, 1865, and of the independence of the United States of America the eighty-ninth.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

By the President:

W. HUNTER, Acting Secretary of State.

As Senator, Andrew Johnson had in 1861, stated that if he "were President, such traitors should be arrested, tried and if found guilty, *hung*," the fate of the above when found guilty, will be evident to dullest minded person in the country, for Andrew Johnson is now President of the United States.

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